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MODERN YORKSHIRE POETS
WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

MODERN YORKSHIRE POETS.

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BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

Secretary of the Hull Literary Club.
Author of "Historic Yorkshire," etc. etc.

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TO

ALDERMAN JOHN LOVE SEATON, J.P.,

THE PARK, HULL,

A LOVER AND LIBERAL PATRON OF YORKSHIRE LITERATURE,

AND

A WARM-HEARTED ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF MANY FAVOURS.

W. A.

PREFACE.

THIS is not the first volume published on Yorkshire poets—three of the more important works on the subject may be briefly named: the first is "The Poets of Yorkshire," commenced by William Cartwright Newsam, completed after his death for the benefit of his widow by the gifted Sheffield bard, John Holland, and published in 1845 by Ridge and Jackson, Sheffield. In 1868 W. T. Lamb, of Wakefield, published from the painstaking pen of William Grainge, "The Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire," commencing with Cædmon, the first of the greater Anglo-Saxon poets, who was a monk at Whitby, and died about the year 680, and bringing down his lives to the period of the publication of his work. Mr. Abraham Holroyd compiled and published in 1873, "A Garland of Poetry; by Yorkshire Authors, or Relating to Yorkshire," which is a book of great interest, containing many charming poems. I have tried to commence my book where Mr. Grainge closed his work, so that it may be regarded as a supplement to previous publications, and not an attempt to supersede them. Several of the sketches appeared in the *Yorkshire Illustrated Monthly*, and other English magazines and newspapers, others I contributed to American journals. The critical press gave a generous recognition of the articles in serial form, and being now collected with important additions will, I hope, gain a friendly welcome from the press and the people.

I have to thank several friends for kind assistance, and amongst the number, Mr. J. Dufty, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, Mr. Abraham Holroyd, Mr. Jno. H. Leggott, F.R.H.S., Mr. William Scruton, Rev. R. V. Taylor, B.A., Mr. J. R. Tutin, and the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A. I am also grateful to several publishers for permitting copyright poems to be reproduced in my pages.

The present volume does not include all the Modern Yorkshire Poets. I trust its reception will be such as to warrant the continuance of my labours. The compilation of the book has been an agreeable task, and I hope the result may be equally pleasing to my readers.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Hull Literary Club,
January 22nd, 1885.

MODERN YORKSHIRE POETS.

Rector of Londesborough, in the East Riding, having previously (1860), been appointed Domestic Chaplain to Lord Londesborough. It is worthy of note that Kirkby-Wharfe Church and Londesborough Church have been restored during his incumbency. He is not a party man; but belongs to the Evangelical side in the Church.

He has been a constant contributor of prose and poetry to the magazines for twenty years. His first sonnet was published in *Good Words*, for April, 1864. He has written largely for the *Sunday at Home*, *Leisure Hour*, *The Fireside*, *Home Words*, *Day of Rest*, *Day of Days*, *British Workman*, *Family Friend*, *Children's Friend*, *Animal World*, *Evening Hours*, and other Magazines. He has issued three volumes of poetry, namely, "Wood Notes and Church Bells" (London: George Bell and Sons 1873); "Lyrics; Sylvan and Sacred" (London: George Bell and Sons, 1878); "Sungleams; Rondeaux and Sonnets" (London: *Home Words* Publishing Office, 1881). The critical press recognised in Mr. Wilton a writer, displaying a high religious purpose, with a delicate poetical fancy. A review of his first volume in *London Society* stated:—"We have in our hands, one of the sweetest books of verse, to which we have ever given a repeated and delighted perusal in "Wood Notes and Church Bells," by the Rev. Richard Wilton. To many, many of these poems will be familiar, as one or two have been printed in the *Times*, and others have also had an extensive circulation. Mr. Wilton's mastery of the Sonnet—the true Italian Sonnet—one central thought set in flowing harmonious numbers,—is especially observable His special merits are purity and elevation of tone, perfect

polish in the mechanism of his verse, a Wordsworthian gift in deciphering the spiritual meanings of Nature, great subtleness and intense tenderness in the analogies and religious suggestiveness of his writings." His other volumes have received equally flattering notices from the leading literary journals. Our first example of Mr. Wilton's poetry is quoted from "Wood Notes and Church Bells:"—

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

A LITTLE life,
Five summer months of gladness,
Without one cloud of sorrow, sin, or strife--
Cut short by sudden gloom and wintry sadness.

A little mound,
By buttress grey defended,
Watered with tears and garlanded all round,
By gentle hands affectionately tended.

A little cot,
Empty, forlorn, forsaken,
Silent remembrancer that he is not—
Gone—past our voice to lull or kiss to waken.

A little frock
He wore, or hat that shaded
His innocent brow—seen with a sudden shock
Of grief for that dear form so quickly faded.

A little flower,
Because he touched it, cherished—
Fragile memorial of one happy hour
Before the beauty of our blossom perished.

A little hair,
Secured with trembling fingers—
All that is left us of our infant fair,
All we shall see of him while this life lingers.

A little name,
In parish records written,
A passing sigh of sympathy to claim
From other fathers for a father smitten.

But a great trust
Irradiates our sorrow,
That though to-day his name is writ in dust,
We shall behold it writ in heaven to-morrow.

And a great peace
Our troubled soul possesses,
That though to embrace him these poor arms must cease,
Our lamb lies folded in the Lord's caresses.

A little pain
To point his life's brief story—
A few hours' mortal weariness, to gain
Unutterable rest, unending glory.

A little prayer,
By lips Divine once spoken,
"Thy will de done!"—is breathed into the air
From hearts submissive though with accents broken.

A little while
And Time no more shall sever—
But we shall see him with his own sweet smile,
And clasp our darling in our arms for ever!

The following Sonnet is extracted from the same volume:

THE SWALLOWS.

PEACEFUL across the level lawn they glide,
O'er latticed shadows of the Summer trees,
Weaving short flights all day with careless ease,
As if for ever destined to abide
In this green nook. No thought of regions wide
Which they must traverse soon, of boisterous breeze,
Or league on league of far-resounding seas,
'Neath purple wing and snowy breast they hide.
Enough for them that now the skies are blue,
And food sufficient fills the humming air;
Of darker days they take no forward view:
Oh, that their happy wisdom we could share,
And leave to-morrow to His faithful Word,
Who tells the flittings both of man and bird!

The next poem, drawn from "Lyrics: Sylvan and Sacred," is quoted on account of its local interest:—

AUBURN.

(BRIDLINGTON BAY.) A SEASIDE ELEGY.

"Here Auburn stood which was washed away by the Sea."—*Map of East Yorkshire.*

HERE Auburn stood
By pleasant fields surrounded,
Where now for centuries the ocean flood
With melancholy murmur has resounded.

Here Auburn stood
Where now the sea-bird hovers—
Here stretched the shady lane and sheltering wood,
The twilight haunt of long forgotten lovers.

The village spire
Here raised its "silent finger,"
Sweet bells were heard and voice of rustic choir,
Where now the pensive chimes of ocean linger.

Dear, white-faced homes
Stood round in happy cluster,
Warm and secure, where the wide breaker foams,
And winter winds with angry billows bluster.

Here, in still graves,
Reposed the dead of ages:
When lo! with rush of desecrating waves,
Through the green churchyard the loud tempest rages.

Here Auburn stood
Till washed away by ocean,
Whose waters smile to-day in careless mood
O'er its whelmed site, and dance with merry motion.

Here now we stand
'Mid life's dear comforts dwelling,
Soon we shall pass—Oh, for a Saviour's hand,
When round our "earthly house" Death's waves are swelling.

We cull from "Sungleams," a Rondeau, as follows:—

THE SNOWDROP DIES.

THE snowdrop dies, yet the woods ring
With happy voices of the Spring,
As if they would rebuke the sighs
Which in the pensive heart arise,
To see such grace so soon take wing.

This is a time to dance and sing,
And not round mournful fancies cling,
Or murmur forth, with downcast eyes,
The snowdrop dies!

Full many a flower can Nature bring,
And richer hues about her fling:
Look up and see the sunlit skies;
Beauty remains, though beauty flies:
By fiat of fair Nature's King
The snowdrop dies.

Mr. Wilton has translated a number of Latin poems of George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, Quarles, Cowley, and Spenser, into English verse, for Dr. Grosart's standard editions of those poets.

In concluding, we may state that Mr. Wilton had reached the age of thirty-six before he published any of his poetry. Says a friend:—"He frequently remarked that, 'after his ordination, he forsook the muse for the ministry.' Happily, however, he has since seen that 'the ministry of song' is as true a ministry as that of the pulpit."

JOSEPH H. ECCLES.

AMONGST the writers of dialect poetry, Mr. Joseph H. Eccles attained a front position, and although he did other important literary work, his reputation was mainly made as an author of Yorkshire songs. He was born at Ripponden, near Halifax, June 20th, 1824, and was the twin son of parents in humble circumstances, and so poor that they could not afford to keep him long at school: indeed 2s. 9½d. was the amount spent on his education. He may be pronounced a self-taught man. Writing to a brother poet, he said :—"My early days were spent amongst the woods, and fields, and on the moorlands, and ever since my earliest recollections, I have been a great admirer and lover of nature." In 1845, he removed to Leeds, where he spent the remainder of his busy life. He was engaged in business, and devoted his leisure time to literature. He contributed largely to the *Leeds Mercury*, *Leeds Times*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Yorkshireman*, many of the leading magazines, and other publications. Mr. Eccles produced several dialect annuals, including *Tommy Toddles*, *Tommy's Annual*, the *Leeds Loiner*, and other small works, which were extremely popular in the West Riding. Some years ago, he issued a volume, under the title of "Yorkshire Songs." It contains about seventy of his best dialect poems, many full of pathos, others humourous, and all having a ring of

true poetry in them. The press and the public gave the work a hearty reception. We extract from this collection, his well-known poem "Deein be Inches:"—

DEEIN BE INCHES.

A'M deein be inches tha knaws weel enuf,
But net e'en a fig duz ta care;
A'm a get aght road az sooin az I like—
Ma cumpany I knaw tha can spare.
Goa fetch me that bottle ov fizzick daan stairs,
An bring me that noggin ov gin;
I really feel ready ta faint inta t'earth—
Tha knaws what a state I am in.

I cuddn't quite finish them two mutton chops,
A'm az weak az wumman can be;
I hav all soarts ov pains flyin right thro' ma boans,
But then tha's noa pity fer me.
A'l try and get t'doctor to give me a chainge—
Sich pain I noa longer can bide;
A mun hev sum owd port ta strenthen me up,
An a drop ov gud brandy beside.

Av hed a stiff neck and saand e ma heaad,
An felt dizzy times aght ov mind;
But then its noa use, a kind wurd or thought
Tha nivver wonce hez e thee mind;
Wen I sit daan an groan tha stands like a stoop
An nivver wonce tries fer ma sake
To walk a bit faster, though du what I will
Tha knaws 'at A'm all on a ake.

Pray keep aght that draft—I feel all on a sweat;
A'm suar at A'm wastin ta nowt;
I sal hav them cowd shivvers az suar az A'm wick—
Tha can't have a morsel ov thowt.

Shut that door, an goa get spooin an t'glass,
And mix up a drop nice an strong ;
It's time tha did summat fer't sake ov thee wife
A'm fear'd tha wean't hev me soa long.

A've waited fer gruel this haar an a hawf,
Summat strenthnin iz what I require ;
A'm faintin awaay, yet az trew az I liv,
Tha's nivver put t'pan onta t'flre.
I sal fade like a cannel et bottom ov t'stick,
Fer want ov attention an care ;
Be quick wi that glass, an bring me sum toast,
I feel fit ta sink through ma chair.

It's a queer piece ov bizziness (sed John tull hizse n;)
It's cappin what wimmin can du ;
Shoo's been cryin aght fer this last twenty years,
An sayin at shoo woddn't get through ;
Yet shoo eats an shoo drinks all 'at cums e her waay,
An lewks weel and strong az can be ;
Wal hear 'Am hauf pined, 'an get nowt but crusts,
It's noan her at's deein, it's ME.

He wrote a number of extremely successful English songs; a few may be mentioned :—" I'd rather be a Violet," " Come where the Moonbeams linger," " Down where the Blue-bells grow," " Mother, I have heard sweet music," " The Angels are waiting for me." " Snow-white blossoms." Numerous other lyrics were produced by this ready writer, and set to music by the chief composers of the day. In a charming work, edited by Mr. Abraham Holroyd, entitled " A Garland of Poetry ; by Yorkshire Authors," three poems by Mr. Eccles find a place. We cull one, entitled, " A Shower in Woods :"—

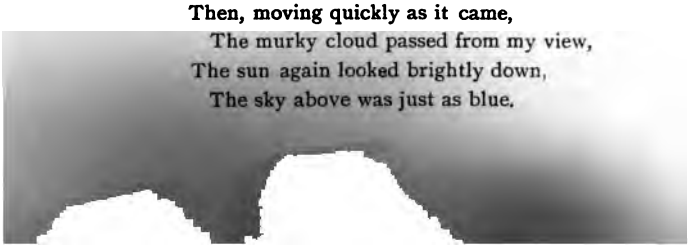
A SHOWER IN THE WOODS.

FORTH from the distant hills there came
A cloud of dull and sombre hue,
That soon obscured the morning sun,
And hid from sight the sky of blue.
I watch'd it 'neath a forest oak,
Still spreading outward far and wide—
From east to west, from north to south,
Till all seemed dark on every side.

A trembling breeze turned up the leaves,
And fanned the sweat drops on my brow;
A rumbling sound like thunder came,
A sort of muttering deep and low:
The birds all ceased their tuneful song,
And silence reigned in every nook;
Then patter, patter, downward came,
Such heavy drops, the branches shook.

A strange wild music filled my ears,
That to describe were all in vain,
As patter, patter, far and near,
Came down the soft and drenching rain.
Awhile the ground kept dry beneath,
The busy turmoil overspread,
Then heavy drops came slowly through,
And fell upon the grassy bed.

Great drops that tumbled with strange sound,
And sank amid the thirsty grass,
Making a curious leaping spurt,
As if they were too large to pass.
Then, moving quickly as it came,
The murky cloud passed from my view,
The sun again looked brightly down,
The sky above was just as blue.



A pleasant odour filled the air,
From flowering ash and dark-leaved pine,
From honeyed leaves of sycamore,
And opening flowers of sweet woodbine.
The sun burst forth with glittering ray,
Dispelling all my rain-bound fears,
As woman's smile looks brighter still,
When coming through her falling tears.

'Twas but a shower amid the woods,
Yet still it told this truth to me ;
How dark some hours of life may seem,
And still how bright the rest may be.

Mr. Eccles was greatly esteemed by many friends ; he was a cheerful companion, a tender husband, and a kind father. He died at Leeds, August 7th, 1883, at the age of 59 yaers.

MRS. ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

THIS charming singer, one of the most gifted of the many poetesses who have added to the literary glory of Yorkshire, was a native of Leeds. When young she passed seventeen years in the Isle of Man, and its beautiful scenery, strange legends and romantic history formed the subjectsof her best poems. She contributed largely to the magazines and newspapers, and in 1858, a collection of her verses was issued under the title of "Sea Weeds and Heath Flowers, or Memoirs of Mona." The volume passed into a second edition, and met with approving criticisms from the press; it is a work that displays genuine poetic feeling. She died at Leeds, March 11th, 1866, aged 63 years. We give two of her poems:—

THE ISLAND HARP.

Wild harp of Mona's Isle! long, long ago,
I found thee silent on the sea-beat shore;
No hand save mine had touched thy strings forlorn
Since the Rune-Maidens sang thy wizard lore.

Then in the daring of my youth, I woke
Thy magic chords and heard the Sea-maid's song,
And the wild wailing of the Elfin horn,
Distant and faint, thy haunted hills among!

I sang thy valleys and thy bounteous shore ;
The far-off nations listened to the strain,
And strangers sought thee, loving evermore
The fairy Island throned in the main ;
And my heart kindled as they praised thy tone,
Wild harp of Mona ! for thou *wert* my own !

But now the Minstrels of the newer Age
Have swept thee with a bolder, firmer hand,
With loftier lyrics,—and the pictur'd page
Glows with fair Mona's glens and mountains grand.
So, with a farewell sigh, I lay thee down,
With the sear laurels of my Island crown :

The faint wild music caught from fairy-land
Dies into silence ! I but led the way
For those who crown thee with a nobler lay,
But never homage deep and true as mine ;
I had but LOVE to give—and it was thine !

AILEEN'S DIRGE.

Lay her softly down, whose young life was sorrow ;
Fold her pale hands on her breast, for her, earth has no morrow.
Never shall she wake again to that long, long ceaseless pain ;
Death has loosed its burning chain,—wherefore should ye sorrow ?

Fitting time for her to die, wild and waste December !
Snow upon her heart shall lie, nor will it remember
Him, who found her young and fair, wooed her, won her, left her there,
To contempt and long despair, bitterer than December !

Now that agony is past, death alone can sever,
And her eyes have wept their last, close them soft, for ever !
Beautiful and desolate ! for thee no longer angels wait,
Thou hast reached their golden gate,—peace be thine for ever !

MRS. SUTCLIFFE.

ALICE (WILTON) SUTCLIFFE, the younger daughter of the Rev. Richard Wilton, of Londesborough Rectory, has contributed to the magazines verses marked by great sweetness, and an originality of touch, which is very pleasing and promising. She was born in the parish of Kirkby-Wharfe, of which her father was then Vicar, on September 1st, 1857, and was married on July 10th, 1878, to the Rev. J. George Sutcliffe, M.A. of Dunmore Parsonage, Stirling, Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Dunmore. We give the following examples of Mrs. Sutcliffe's poetry—

A CHILD-MONARCH.

A LITTLE Child with Cherub-face
  Has made a heart his throne,
And rules from thence with infant grace—
  The heart, it is my own!

A crown he has of golden hair;
  He uses it to twine
About my heart. It is so fair,
  His every wish is mine.

My King bejewelled is with eyes
  Of such a heavenly blue,
They fill with awe—as evening skies
  When unknown stars peep through.

And then his lips so rosy-red,
Though yet they frame no word,
What wonder if by them I'm led
When faintest lisp is heard.

And oh to see his tiny hands,
And feel his fingers' touch,
And then resist his least commands,
That were indeed too much!

And when I see the tender feet
So pure from travel-stain,
I cry, Come, trample on me, sweet,
'Twill make me clean again.

But this the chief of all the charms
My Baby-sovereign sways—
Jesus, a Babe in Mother's arms
Once lay with such like ways.

SUN THOUGHTS.

The sun is rising; clothed in light
He climbs the yielding skies,
Strewing his course with blessings bright:—
Christ, on my heart arise!

The sun has reached his azure throne,
And rules with golden grace;
The earth with smiles his power doth own:—
Christ, in my heart find place!

The sun on yonder cloud's dark breast
Sheds such a dazzling hue,
Each separate dye some flower has drest:—
Christ, clothe my heart anew!

The sun descends, his day's work o'er,
Into the reddening West :—
Christ, in my heart for evermore
Set crimson—then 'tis rest !

The sun has gone, and lightsome day
Is lost in darkness drear :—
Christ whispers, " I will ever stay,
Thy longing heart to cheer."

O Christ, my Light, my Lord, arise,
Make this poor heart Thy throne ;
Shine on me with Thy beaming eyes,
Till I am Thine alone.

" THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

A RONDEL.

" Thy will be done," Lord, is the song
My soul would ever sing to Thee ;
Its harmony is clear, and free
From discords that to earth belong :
Now soft and low, now full and strong ;
The keynote, love must ever be ;
" Thy will be done," Lord, is the song
My soul would ever sing to Thee !

Oh, melody Divine ! prolong
The strain, till every rustling tree,
Bird-note, breeze, storm, or rushing sea
An echo seems from Heaven's gla
" Thy will be done," Lord, is th
My soul would ever sing to Th

LORD HOUGHTON.

THIS popular Yorkshire poet and peer, perhaps better known to the reading public as Richard Monckton Milnes than as Lord Houghton, was born June 19th, 1809. He is the only son of the late Robert Pemberton Milnes, Esquire, of Fryston Hall, Ferrybridge, and the Hon. Henrietta Maria, third daughter of Robert, fourth Viscount Galway. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1831, took his M.A., degree. At Oxford, in 1853, he was created D.C.L., and was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was returned M.P., for Pontefract in 1837, and retained his seat until his elevation to the Peerage, August 20th, 1863. Respecting his Parliamentary career, we find it stated in a work of popular biography that he entered the House as a follower of Sir Robert Peel, whom he supported in his repeal of the Corn Laws; but afterwards joined the party of Lord John Russell. He declined to become a member of the Government of Lord Palmerston, but gave it his entire support. His attention in Parliament was mainly directed to foreign affairs and the reform of our penal institutes. He brought in the first bill for the establishment of juvenile reformatories in 1846, and is the President of the great Reformatory Establishment at Red Hill.* His Lordship presided over the Norwich meeting of the Social Science Congress. He is the successor to Carlyle

* "*Men of the Time.*"

as President of the London Library; is the President of the Newspaper Press Fund; and is a member of several learned societies. He married on 30th August, 1851, Annabella Hungerford, daughter of the second Lord Crewe.

His lordship is entitled to a good position amongst the poets of the Victorian era: he has imagination, fancy, and a carefully cultivated taste. Eastern legends and history have formed the subjects of some of his most able writings. Amongst his works may be mentioned "Memorials of a Tour in Greece;" "Poems of Many Years;" "Memorials of a Residence on the Continent;" "Poetry for the People;" "The Life and Letters of John Keats;" and "Monographs, Personal and Social." His many pamphlets include "One Tract More," in the Oxford controversy of the "Tracts for the Times;" and the "Real Union of England and Ireland," in which his lordship advocated concurrent endowment of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. We quote the following from "A Selection from the Works of Lord Houghton," (London: Edward Moxon & Co., 1868) as examples of his lordship's poetical power:—

SHADOWS.

I.

THEY seemed to those who saw them meet
The worldly friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment he

The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
Would struggle like a captured bird :

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blistered with repeated tears,—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years !

Alas, that Love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride !
Alas, that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside.

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

II.

Beneath an Indian palm a girl
Of other blood reposes,
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,—
Relaxed the frosty twine,—
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
Those dimly-visioned boughs,
As these young lovers face to face
Renew their early vows !

III.

I had a home wherein the weariest feet
Found sure repose ;
And Hope led on laborious day to meet
Delightful close !
A cottage with broad eaves and a thick vine,
A crystal stream,
Whose mountain-language was the same as mine :
—It was a dream !

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart
Alight with joy,—
A temple of chaste love, a place apart
From Time's annoy ;
A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude
And harsh did seem
With pity rounded and by grace subdued :
—It was a dream !

Here is another example of his graceful verse :—

THE VIOLET-GIRL.

When Fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yester-eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my way,
But sad experience, in one moment earned,
Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of a day.

Passing the corner of a popu'lous street,
I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh Violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those healthy blossoms and that fading child:—

—Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
On Life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,
How she must loathe the very scented flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of Spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much, and harbingers of more—
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our sorest mortal sore.

Lord Houghton has written for the young some charming pieces, of which the following is a fair specimen:—

A CHILD'S SONG.

"I see the Moon, and the Moon sees me,
God bless the Moon, and God bless me."
OLD RHYME."

LADY Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale, and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child! if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

In concluding our brief notice of this gifted and genial poet, it would be ungraceful to omit to state that he is ever ready with voice, pen, and purse to aid a good cause, or to assist a less fortunate son of song. Yorkshiremen have good reason to be proud of him as a poet and as a peer.

CHARLES DAVID MORLEY.

MR. MORLEY is a member of the scholastic profession, and has held appointments at various schools in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and at Brighton, in Sussex. He is a native of the ancient town of Beverley, was born May 5th, 1858, and was educated at St. Mary's school in that place. Mr. Morley is a poet of considerable promise, and a volume of his verses appeared in 1883, entitled "Aglaia Unveiled" (London: E. W. Allen). It was favourably noticed in the *Graphic*, and other journals. The following poems are extracted from his book:—

HOLY ROOD.

HERE then they sleep, the unrenowned, the hoary;
Chill, silent, sparkless, blind;
Uncouthly decked, each with his simple story
Of rural life and kind.

The reverend sire, who from his labours resting
Was slowly carried out,
His lowly worth his neighbours there attesting,
His children round about.

These holy matrons of their simple village,
From kindly home and kin,
No more shall toil in harvest-time, nor tillage,
Tend roost, nor sew, nor spin.

Fair daughters taken in their summer beauty.
The young, the loved, the dear ;
Sons, caught from earth in pleasure, or in duty,
Behold them ! they are here.

" Upon thy breast the dull earth coldly presses,
On lips the clay, ah thee !
Dust fills the beauty of thy golden tresses,
Death sleeps upon thy'ee.

Shine, shine, ye summer suns ! but we are taken,
Ye changeful seasons roll !
Our drowsy dust for thee, and we awaken
In glory of a soul.

By the rude porch he dead yet softly speaking
" Ralph More," read in thy search,
" For forty years, not wealth nor glory seeking,
Incumbent of this church,

In worth most excellent, in spirit fervent,
Beloved of rich and poor,
A gentle master, and a humble servant ;
Not dead but gone before."

And with the willows waving softly o'er her,
In her ancestral tomb,
Here lieth Dame Adelé Mary Dora,
Fourth Lady March, of Lume.

Ah ! cast away is book, and robe, and mattock,
Their works are finished,
The holy pastor doffs his earthly cassock,
And bows his hoary head.

From its high seat, its lordly place, is fallen
The rich, the dazzling crown,
The lovely bloom from blushing cheeks is stolen,
The stately life laid down.

And here at common peace in God's selection,
Gathered and laid away,
They lowly wait the coming Resurrection,
The trump of Judgment day.

O ! Saviour Jesus Christ, on all conditions,
Upon all sorts of men,
Hear these, we pray, our weak, our wild petitions,
Have pitying mercy—then.

"NAME WRIT IN WATER."

WHERE we all stand, and wait,
Before the palace gate ;

Look to the doors of gold,
Think of the glories told ;

Without, dwell men, and sin,
And the Great God within ;

Over our drowsy sight,
Are error, mist, and night ;

They scoff, those listening
While one doth stop and sing.

He cannot pierce through wealth,
Nor pomp, nor joy, nor health.

Song sung, life lived, his light
Went early out in night.

Where we all stand, and wait,
Before the palace gate.

JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A.

MR. HARLAND is included in our pages on account of being the author of verses full of beauty and harmony, but he will be remembered by the reading public as an accomplished newspaper editor, historian, and antiquary. Like many other famous journalists and editors, he was a native of Hull. His father was a watchmaker and jeweller in Scale-Lane, where his son was born on 27th, of May, 1806. At the age of fourteen he was placed in the office of the *Hull Packet*, to learn the trade of printing. He was soon, however, advanced to the position of reader, and afterwards to the office of a reporter. He was an excellent short-hand writer. An accurate report of a sermon preached by Dr. Beard in Bowlalley Lane Chapel Hull, caused that gentleman to bring him under the notice of Mr. John Edward Taylor, of the *Manchester Guardian*, which, (in November, 1830), resulted in an engagement on that journal. The great industry and literary ability he displayed obtained for him a partnership in the paper, which he held until he retired, in December, 1860. Mr. Harland took a deep interest in antiquarian matters, and in 1854, he was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a year later was placed on the Council of the Chetham Society, (a position he retained until his death), and of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire he was a useful member. He was secretary for some years of

the Rosicrucians, a society that did much to elucidate local history and antiquities in Manchester and neighbourhood. Amongst his many works may be mentioned "An Historical Account of Salley Abbey," "Mamecestre," "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire," "Lancashire Lyrics," and in conjunction with Alderman T. T. Wilkinson, "Lancashire Folk-Lore" and the "Legends and Traditions of Lancashire." Numerous smaller books were produced, and contributions made to the transactions of several learned societies, and magazines. He was engaged at the time of his death, which occurred on April 23rd, 1868, on a new edition of Baines's "History of Lancashire." He was greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends, but his death deprived the world of a painstaking historian, a genial man, and a sincere and single-minded Christian gentleman. It is stated that he was born a Churchman and became by conviction a Unitarian. The following are selected from Mr. Harland's poems :—

TO MARY.

As the thirsty desert-wanderer seeks the oasis green and fair ;
As for pardon seeks the penitent, with tears and fervent prayer ;
As youth seeks fame, and age seeks rest, and the lifesick look above ;
As all in hope seek happiness,—so have I sought thy love.

With blushes mantling on thy cheek, with modesty and grace,
With tears and smiles altèrnating upon thy lovely face ;
With murmurings soft and sweeter far than music of the grove,
With faith and trust and purity,—thou gavest me thy love.

As misers guard their golden god—as maidens prize their fame—
As honest men would keep through life a pure and spotless name—
As hope is held to wretched hearts—as pity shields the dove—
So I guard, I prize, I hold, I keep, thy pure and priceless love.

Than radiant life more lustrous, than life itself more dear ;
Richer than all the riches of this transitory sphere ;
Outliving change and death, in eternity above—
This has been—Mary ! this is now,—this e'er shall be, our love.

LOWLY WORTH.

Is the lily less pure, that it springs from the earth,
Whose dark mould its pale leaves o'erwave ?
Is the pearl the less bright, because hid at its birth
In the fathomless ocean's cave ?

Is the flower of a richly-expanding mind
To be spurn'd, because penury's child ;
Is the pure, noble heart, that in sorrow has pined,
To be therefore unvalued, reviled ?

"Yes, yes,"— by the proud and the weak and the vain ;
"No ;"—not by the good and the wise :
Lowly flowers shall bloom, lost gems sparkle again,
In the radiant light of the skies.

THOMAS JEFFERSON MONKMAN.

THE name of this author is familiar to the readers of the Hull newspapers as a writer of lyrical poems of merit. He is a poet who sings from the heart. He has won many admirers in his native town, and when a volume of his verses is issued, on which he is now engaged, he will doubtless obtain appreciative readers far beyond the limits of the old port on the banks of the Humber. Born at Hull, on Christmas Day, 1844, he received a liberal education at a private school in the town, and at Boston Spa College, near Tadcaster. He passed several years in the office of a local firm of corn merchants, and for the past ten years has held a responsible position under the Hull branch of the Aire and Calder Navigation. Mr. Monkman has contributed prose and poetry to the *Eastern Morning News*, *Hull Weekly Express*, *Hull News*, *Hull Packet*, *Hull Critic*, *Hull Miscellany*, *Hull Christmas Annual*, *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and other publications.

MERRY AS THE BIRDS IN MAY.

(THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL.)

I am a Minstrel old and grey,
  And thro' our ancient vales
I wander forth to sing and play
  Where rural life prevails

And tho' I earn but scanty fare,
I do not weary on my way,
For when I play a mirthful air,
"I'm merry as the birds in May."

I take my stand beneath a tree
Adjacent to the village inn,
And there I chant a moving glee
To all the villagers within;
I mark with joy each jocund smile
As cheery to me they do say,
And pass me ale and pence the while,
"We're merry as the birds in May."

And when the rustic children troop
From school upon a rosy eve,
They cluster round, a smiling group,
Who fain would not the minstrel leave.
I lightly touch my harp and sing
When gaily to me they do say,—
"Your songs to us much gladness bring,
We're merry as the birds in May."

The Squire upon his horse comes by
And bids me to his hall.
An old horn there is never dry,
For welcome is my call;
His daughters to me they do cling,
My greybeard pull and quaintly say,
"O, Minstrel, when your songs you sing,
We're merry as the birds in May."

'Tis thus I wander on my way
And envy neither Court nor King,
For while I've power my harp to play
Enjoyment to me it will bring;

And tho' I earn but scanty fare
I do not weary on my way,
For when I play a mirthful air
"I'm merry as the birds in May."

SERENADE.

Enchantress at thy casement be,
Starry fires now gleam,
And Cynthia, Queen of Night, above
Emits a silver stream:
Loved Imogene respond to me!
Stars bear no rays as bright
As thine own orbs—a sapphire sea –
That tints with light the ebon night.
Arise and shed thy rays o'er me!

Enchantress at thy casement be,
Eve's carolist is nigh
And from his bower in yonder grove
Comes rapture laden sigh;
Loved Imogene respond to me!
Unmusical is song of bird
Compared with thy pure melodie—
Soft passions stirred in every word;
Arise and hymn sweet airs to me!

Enchantress at thy casement be,
Behold the lattice more
(Were Cupid's pinions in my power,
How swift I'd soar above!
Observe! Imogene approaches me!
Dim are the fires in spheres afar,
Unhonoured Philomel's night glee,
More dear by far than bird or star,
Imogene's soft grace enslaveth me!

SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK, an able writer of poems and sketches in the Lancashire dialect, is by birth a Yorkshireman. He was born on January 17th, 1826, at Marsden, near Huddersfield. At the early age of nine, he was employed at a woollen mill in his native town, so that his school-days were very limited, and he may fairly be included amongst self-educated poets. His parents removed to Stalybridge, in October, 1837, and at this town he was engaged as a weaver in a cotton mill, continuing this occupation up to 1855. He was next promoted to the position of cloth looker, his duties being to inspect the material as brought in by the weavers. In this capacity he worked until the commencement of the famine in 1862. We learn that during the period of distress which followed, he was occupied as superintendent of sundry sewing schools, and afterwards became resident librarian of the Mechanics' Institution of Stalybridge. This position he held for several years, but failing health compelled him to relinquish it. On the 1st of October, 1867, he went to reside at Fleetwood, having obtained a situation there as steward of the Whitwort Institution.

It is satisfactory to find it recorded that on his leaving Stalybridge a number of his friends and neighbours presented him with a public testimonial consisting of a purse containing

£40, and a beautifully illuminated address, in which reference is made in touching terms to the terrible distress which prevailed around, and in which Mr. Laycock shared at that time, when he poured forth his humorous and affecting songs, teaching lessons of wisdom and resignation, and by which he beguiled the hearts of those who suffered in the depression and the gloom. The address concludes by alluding to the circumstance that Mr. Laycock's best energies had been devoted to the public good, and an expression of the regret felt by his friends that he should leave them with health impaired, and their fervent prayer for a better state of things in this respect, and for his happiness and success. He only remained at Fleetwood half a year. Mr. Laycock next settled at Blackpool, as a photographic artist. About six years ago he had to retire from his artistic labours on account of failing eyesight.

In 1866 he was elected an honorary member of the Manchester Literary Club, and in 1875 the Burnley Literary and Scientific Society conferred upon him a similar honour. We learn that his first literary effort of importance was made in 1855, when the appearance of Edwin Waugh's "Come whoam to thi childer and me," stimulated him to try his hand at dialect writing. The result was the production of his poem, "A little bit o' both sides," of which, in the course of a few weeks, 2,500 copies were sold. Some of his other poems were equally well received, and their favourable reception induced him to issue a volume in 1864: "Lancashire Rhymes; or Homely Pictures of the People." In 1866 was published "Lancashire Songs," and in 1875, his "Lancashire

Poems, Tales, and Recitations," appeared. These volumes have had a most extensive circulation, and the reviews have been very favourable. He has contributed largely to the magazines and newspapers.

Mr. Laycock has been before the public as an author for about thirty years, and, says one who knows him well, "He has by his writings been brought into contact with many persons of distinction in various walks of life, but, whilst feeling the gratification which naturally arises from such intercourse, he has fortunately escaped any of that undue pride which too frequently results. His manner is quiet and homely. He is a staunch teetotaller, and in this matter, as in others in which he is deeply interested, he is terribly in earnest. At Blackpool he is one of the 'common objects of the sea-shore, where he may frequently be found in conversation with the chief magistrate of the place, or debating some theme of social moment with a fisherman."

We select the following from his "Lancashire Songs:"–

WELCOME, BONNY BRID!

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know.
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i' thi' world misel
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee, iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'll awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An', as tha's sich a pratty face
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place
On mi knee.

God bless thee, love, aw'm fain thar't come,
Just try an' mak thisel awhoam:
What ar't co'd?
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, aw'm blow'd!

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
Aw am no' blackin' thee, not I;
Settle deawn,
An' tak' this haupney for thisel'.
There's lots o' sugar-sticks to sell
Deawn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when furst aw coom to th' leet,
Aw're fond o' ow't 'at tasted sweet;
Tha'll be th' same.
But come, tha's never towd thi dad
What he's to co thee yet, mi lad—
What's thi name?

Hush! hush! tha munno cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper ! dear-a-me
Heaw tha skroikes:
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee ;
Howd this noise, an then aw'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbutt getten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha'st ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

Th' feyther's noan bin wed so long,
An yet tha sees he's middlin' throng
Wi' yo' o:
Besides thi little brother, Ted,
We'n one up-steers, asleep i' bed
Wi' eawr Joe.

But tho' we'n childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad !
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi dad.

BOWTON'S YARD.

T number one, i' Bowton's Yard, mi gronny keeps a skoo,
ut hasn't mony scholars yet, hoo's only one or two ;
hey sen th' owd woman's rayther cross—well, well, it may be so ;
w know hoo box'd me rarely once, an' poo'd mi ears an' o.

At number two lives Widow Burns—hoo weshes cloas for folk ;
Their Billy, that's her son, goes reawnd a beggin' wi' a poke ;
They sen hoo cooarts wi' Sam o' Ned's at lives at number three.—
It may be so, aw conno' tell, it matters nowt to me.

At number three, reet facin' th' pump, Ned Grimshaw keeps a shop ;
He's Eccles-cakes, an' gingerbread, an' treacle beer, an' pop ;
He sells oat-cakes and o, does Ned, he has both soft an' hard,
An' everybody buys of him 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

At number four Jack Blunderick lives ; he goes to th' mill an' wayves,
An' then at th' week-end, when he's time, he pows a bit an' shaves ;
He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad, he's rayther lawm, an' then
His wife's had childer very fast,—aw think they'n nine or ten.

At number five aw live mysel', wi' owd Susannah Grimes,
But dunno' loike so very weel, hoo turns me eawt sometimes ;
An' when aw'm in there's ne'er no leet, aw have to ceawer i' th' dark
Aw conno' pay mi lodgin' brass, becose aw'm eawt o' wark.

At number six, next dur to us, an' close o' th' side o' th' speawt,
Owd Susy Collins sells smo' drink, but hoo's welly allis beawt ;
But heaw it is that is the case aw'm sure aw conno' tell,
Hoo happen maks it very sweet, an' sups it o hersel !

At number seven there's nob'dy lives, they left it yesterday,
Th' bum-baylies coom and mark'd their things, an' took 'em o away ;
They took 'em in a donkey-cart—aw know nowt wheer they went—
Aw reckon they'n bin ta'en an' sowd becose they ow'd some rent.

At number eight they're Yawkshur folk—there's only th' mon an' woife,
Aw think aw ne'er seed noicer folk nor these i' o my loife ;
Yo'll never yer 'em foin' eawt, loike lot's o' married folk,
They allis seem good-temper'd like, an' ready wi' a joke.

At number nine th' owd cobbler lives—th' owd chap 'at mends mi shoon,
He's gettin' very weak an' done, he'll have to leov us soon ;
He reads his Bible every day, an' sings just loike a lark,
He says he's practising for heaven,—he's welly done his wark.

At number ten James Bowton lives,—he's th' noicest heawse i' th' row ;
He's allis plenty o' sum'at t' eat, an' lots o' brass an' o ;
An' when he rides an' walks abeawt he's dress'd up very fine,
But he isn't hawve as near to heaven as him at number nine.

At nnmber 'leven mi uncle lives—aw co' him Uncle Tum,
He goes to concerts, up an' deawn, an' plays a kettle-drum ;
I' bands o' music, an' such things, he seems to tak a pride,
An' allis makes as big a noise as o i' th' place beside.

At number twelve, an' th' eend o' th' row, Joe Stiggins deals i' ale ;
He's sixpenny, an' fourpenny, dark-colour'd, an' he's pale ;
But aw ne'er touch it, for aw know it's ruin'd mony a bard,—
Aw'm th' only chap as doesn't drink 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

An' neaw aw've done aw'll say good-bye, an' leave yo for a while,
Aw know aw haven't towd mi tale i' sich a first-rate style ;
Iv yo're weel pleased aw'm satisfied, an' ax for no reward,
For tellin' who mi nayburs are 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

JOSEPH TATLOW.

A number of popular poets have been natives of Sheffield, and for many years it was the home of two gifted bards—Elliott and Montgomery. It was at Sheffield, in the year 1851, that Joseph Tatlow was born. He is the son of an important official of the Midland Railway Co., and, after receiving an excellent education, at the age of fifteen, he entered the same service. In 1873 he removed to Glasgow and joined the staff of the Caledonian Railway Co; two years later he obtained one of the chief appointments under the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company. He has for some years been a constant contributor of poetry and miscellaneous articles to many of the leading magazines and journals. He is a poet having a cultivated taste and rich fancy. Several of his songs, wedded to sweet music, have been favorably received. Mr. Tatlow is a notable instance of an author who, without neglecting his official duties, has won a wide recognition in the literary world.

THE DREAMER.

Dreamer! Phantasy-enamoured,
Quick, bestir thee, for the glamoured
Hour is passing to its grave,
Bringing doom to King and Slave.

Smoothly now the waves are gliding ;
Smoothly now thy bark is riding ;
Syren-voices charm thine ear,
Shapes of beauty hover near.

Drifting, drifting, dreaming ever,
Such entrancement is felt never,
Save when, leaving reason's realm,
Wayward fancy takes the helm.

Dreamer ! see the active bustle,
Where men, straining nerve and muscle,
Pass in quick succession by—
Fixed their heart and firm their eye.

Mark their toiling, hear their cheering ;
Naught of danger are they fearing ;
With the sails of life set fair,
They will never know despair.

Wake, awake ! and look around thee ;
Life's realities surround thee,
Wake ! and string thy nerveless heart ;
Wake ! and bear a manly part.

TIDINGS.

Alone she wanders by the shore
  The sea-moan mingles with her voice ;
As she exclaims, " He comes no more ;
  My heart will ne'er again rejoice ;
Far, far he roams : I weep, and hear
  Those words that fill my soul with dread ;
But, oh ! true love doth banish fear—
  I ne'er will deem him false or dead !"

Long years pass by, but bring no sign,
From him for whose dear sake she'd die;
Her cheek doth pale, her heart doth pine,
Her fondest hopes all fading lie.
By sobbing wave she wanders still,
And sighs, for life's bright charm has fled;
When tidings glad her bosom thrill,
For he is neither false nor dead!

'TIS HARD TO BEAR.

'Tis hard to bear unmerited reproof,—
To live a life misjudged, misunderstood;
To see our once warm friends now stand aloof,
More credulous of whisper'd ill than good;
'Tis hard when Fate environs us with wrong,
And slander spreads untouch'd by sense of ruth,
'Tis hard when circumstance must tie our tongue,
And those who blame us know but half the truth.
This we must bear, dissembling with the fear
That holds the soul subdued in patient thrall;
And trusting Time to make the darkness clear,
We'll dream of sunshine though the shadows fall.
The Light *must* shine at last! Be of good cheer,
Our wrongs shall righted be, for God is over all!

PATTY HONEYWOOD.

PATTY HONEYWOOD is the *nom de plume* of Miss Ann Olivia Jackson, well known to the readers of the West Riding press as a writer of pleasing verses. She was born at Leeds on May 6th, 1856, and from childhood has been familiar with poetry; her earliest recollections are of hearing her mother repeat to her touching verses that seemed to become part of her nature. As soon as she could read—and that was when she was very young—books of poetry were her best prized treasures. In childhood she scribbled books of rhyme, and when birthdays, and holidays, and other juvenile celebrations came round, she was always expected by her school-fellows and playmates to write what they thought a suitable poem for the occasion. Her first published lines appeared in the *Leeds Evening Express* for September 30th, 1875. She has since written for the *Leeds Mercury*, *Yorkshire Post*, and other local journals many pieces of great beauty and sweetness which have been reproduced in several quarters. She still remains true to the editors of her native town, who gave her encouragement at the commencement of her career, but her productions have found places in magazines, holiday numbers, and other works, issued far beyond the boundaries of her own county. In 1883 the well-known house of Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., gave to the world a dainty volume of her verses

under the simple title of "Poems." The critical press extended to the work a favourable reception, and recognised in the author a true poet. The *Saturday Review*, *Academy*, *Pictorial World*, and other leading journals noticed it. She strikes the lyre with a tuneful touch, and her ideas are expressed in a manner that charms the reader. The volume is dedicated, by permission, to Lord Wolseley.

In addition to extracts from Patty Honeywood's book, we are enabled by her kindness to include some of her unpublished verses.

TWO YEARS.

Two years, and once again the sun-robed day,
  Waves her adieu from bowers of scented bloom ;
Doubtless the restless sea sobs ever on,
  As though in grief for many a noble doom,
Though I gaze not upon its shimmering space
Or turn to meet thee once more face to face.

Two years of sun and shade, of care and joy,
  With ever-circling hours of mortal life,
New friends, new hopes, new aims, new loves,
  A firmer girding on of swords for strife.
Yet by the sobbing sea the pines grow tall,
And breezes sigh, and sea-gulls whirl and call.

Two years, perchance the same wild birds
  Chant their delicious psalm of happy song,
Lulled by the tender cadence of the waves
  That toss and plash beneath them all day long,
Though other ears are listening to the sound,
And other hearts are by their singing bound.

Two years, ah ! life, it passeth on, yet on,
And beareth with it to the sea of death
Our frail-rigged barks, nearer to that weird shore,
That we must gain by gasping out this breath,—
This breath that held in happy bondage friends,
With whispered words, in which all love-thought blends.

Two years, so long, so short, ah ! me,
Will those still coming be so fraught with change ?
And will the fair flowers bloom in radiant guise,
Though all the world to me be sad and strange ?
And will the pines sing on above the sea
As on that day they sang to thee and me ?

THOUGHTS.

I WOULD that the past might come again,
The sweet past dead and gone,
With smile of the loved and the voice of the lost
That have perished like flowers kissed by the frost
When winter's chill creeps on.

But the sound of the night-wind goeth by,
Over the hills and dells,
And it seemeth to me that a mystic throng
Joineth the wind in the mournful song
That ever rises and swells.

Life is so bitter and life is so sweet
We smile ere the cheek be dry ;
To-day we weep tears for the loved one who died,
To-morrow strew flowers in the path of the bride,
So the lights and shadows pass on.

TWO FLOWERS.

My love gave me a flower
When he whispered me good-bye,
And kissed its crimson petals
With a tender longing sigh;
He placed it in my bosom,
And I knew that, evermore,
My heart was made a captive,
My young free life was o'er.

My love gave me a flower
When he took his last farewell,
And he kissed me in my sorrow,
Oh! my love, who loved me well,
And upon its withered petals
Fall my bitter scalding tears,
For 'tis all that death hath left me
Through the coming lonesome years.

BLIND.

She could not see the shining of the sun,
Or tender flowers that made the hedge-rows glad,
The sweet blue sky, or waving forest trees;
Her sightless patience made my heart so sad
That I could scarce be happy with the gift I had.

When chime of bells came on the evening breeze,
She fain would listen, and her wistful face
Seemed brightened with a glory not its own.
O God, that I might have such grace,
And far beyond this earth behold Thy dwelling place!

Methinks that with her soul she saw the Cross,
And He that hung thereon for all our sin.
"It is a little thing," she breathed, "that I
Should only have to wait to enter in,
And only have to trust—the crown to win."

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

THIS writer has made several valuable contributions to Yorkshire literature, including a carefully prepared "History of Skipton," published in 1882. He has written prose and poetry for a number of magazines and newspapers. For some years he was on the literary staff of the *Craven Pioneer*, and is now on the *Western Daily Mercury*. Skipton is his native town, and he was born in 1860.

BURIAL OF THE CRAVEN YEOMAN.

At the Craven funeral of fifty years ago two singularly beautiful customs were observed: they were the strewing of flowers and the singing of psalms along the way and by the graveside. The following lines are in allusion to these impressive customs, which only survive in our most secluded villages.

So he died, the ancient yeoman,
  Stout of limb, and tall of frame,
Simple-minded, honest-hearted,
  Last of all his kin and name.

He had served his generation
  Well in manhood, well in age:
He had fought when England's banner,
  Fluttering, mocked the Frenchman's rage

On the plain of Vimiera;
  Had withstood the despot's might
Fast by Talavera's river;
  And had climbed Corunna's height.*

Here upon the fertile acres
  Which his fathers tilled of yore,

* Vimiera is a town in Portugal. Talavera and Corunna are in Spain, the former situated by the side of the Tagus. Battles fought at these places during the Peninsular War resulted in the complete defeat of our French foemen.

He had passed his days in quiet,
Freely giving from his store
Whensoe'er a poorer neighbour
Told the story of distress:
Never turned he from the widow,
Or refused the fatherless;

But with kindly word and action
Answered he compassion's call,
Counting every man his brother:
So his name was loved by all.

Then they bore him to the churchyard
Where his sturdy fathers sleep:
Where the yew-tree casts its shadow,
And the trembling willows weep.

Not with gaudy, not with gloomy
Rites they bore his corse along,
But the way was bright with flowers,
And the air was sweet with song.

And the preacher, from whose forehead
Rose a crown of silver hair,
Spake in words of consolation
To the mourners gathered there.

Lo! he spake of life unending,
Sorrow vanquished, rest, and faith;
Saying, "Where, O grave, thy victory;
Where is now thy sting, O death?"

Then they sang. From many voices
Rose at once a psalm of praise:
One which, when he came through trouble,
David wrote in olden days.

So they left the ancient yeoman
Where his sturdy fathers sleep:
Where the yew-tree casts its shadow,
And the trembling willows weep.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL'S name has been a familiar one in the North of England for the last forty years as that of a careful editor as well as an industrious author, labouring unceasingly in the fields of antiquity, biography, and general literature; in all of which he has received warm commendations from the most competent critics. Both as a writer and as a public speaker, he has enthusiastically striven from his youth to teach his fellow-creatures whatever he had been able to learn for himself; and, now that failing sight and feeble footsteps remind him that his life is fast drawing to a close, he is not less enthusiastic than in his early years, and will speak rapidly to a public audience for a couple of hours together, without losing their attention, or apparently feeling in the least distressed by the effort. But it is not as editor, prose-writer, or public speaker, that we have here to find him a niche. We have no space to particularise his various publications, some of which are already scarce; nor yet to enumerate the many learned societies, both at home and abroad, which have done him honour. It is as a poet only that he belongs to these pages.

Born at Garden House, only a mile from Stokesley, on the 20th of March, 1823, his life for the most part has been spent in his native Cleveland, though for some years he was

engaged in Lancashire as master of the Bury Industrial and Ragged Schools, in which arduous labour both his wife and himself won the esteem of many, including the Rev. Sidney Turner, the Government Inspector of Reformatories, and Thomas Wright, the Prison Philanthropist. His own sorrows and trials through life made him strongly sympathise with all suffering; and this is apparent in all his speeches and writings. Here is a passage from one of his early poems—for he commenced to "commune with the Muses" when a mere boy, and has ever since been a contributor to the magazines and newspapers wherever the English language is spoken:—

Fortune her fickle blessings sometimes sheds
Upon a zany's head. 'Tis kindly done,
And saveth many men from feeling pains
Their worthier brethren oft-times must endure.
But when they come to trample on and spurn
Those on whose brow a loftier spirit sits,
And want to bind the child of Freedom down
To their own chariot wheels, a trophy
Of the power which evil times gives Riches
O'er Humanity; when Luxury's brood
Are not content that they should eat the flesh,
But rudely snatch from Poverty the bone;
When those who have, and boast that they possess,
More than is requisite to nourish them
Throughout the dreary pilgrimage of life,
Refuse a poor and weary palmer aid,
Before he asks for Charity of those
To whom he is a stranger; and when the
Inflated Slaves of Pride, with barb'rous force,
Attempt to bind Humility's free limbs,

Lashing her back with Malice's scorpion scourge,
Is it not time the Bard his voice should raise,
Condemning all such tyranny and wrong ?"

His poem addressed to his "Lady-Love," on the eve of ıeir marriage, and published in his first periodical forty years ɜo, is characteristic of the composer. We give the ɔllowing excerpt:—

Kind object of my dearest love !
With whom I oftentimes do rove
In mountain and in vale,
(When birds sing loud in every bower,
And bees do hum in every flower),
List to my artless tale.

I will not flatter *even thou* !
Nor will I, like a helot, bow
With abject servileness ;
Nor will I praise thy stately form ;
For it sometime shall feed the worm,—
And yet, I must confess,

There's something in each graceful limb
Of thine that now entrances him
Who strings his lyre to thee ;
Yet it is thy *mind* I most admire,
And *heart* warm'd with poetic fire
Of Love and Liberty.

On every Cleveland height we've stood,
And sometimes, when in merry mood,
With laughter rent the air ;
For thou o'er me hast such control,
That ofttimes thou hast cheer'd my soul
When sinking in despair.

When Anguish oft has torn my heart,
Thou in my pangs hast borne a part,
And made each burden less;
When friends, turn'd false, did on me frown,
And foes would have me trodden down,
Thou e'er was there to bless.

And when Adversity's dark cloud
O'ercast my spirit once so proud,
And fill'd my heart with fear,
I ever felt a sacred fire
My bosom warm, my soul inspire,
When thou, dear love, was near.

And so on through four-and-twenty verses, which made January Searle, then a stranger to him, write that he was "a fine fellow," and, expressing a very strong desire to meet him, they soon became fast friends. An intense love of nature, animate or inanimate; of humanity to every living thing which is capable of feeling pleasure; the dignity of all useful labour, whether mental or physical; the extinction of local and national prejudices, and the honouring of all according to their own merits, whatever their social position, country, colour, or creed; implicit trust in the fatherhood of God and unshaken belief in the universal brotherhood of man and in the gradual elevation of the whole human race;—these particularly distinguish all the public and private utterances of George Markham Tweddell, whether spoken or written; and we suppose it was this that made Ebenezer Elliott declare that he felt "honoured by receiving a letter from such a man." Strong in domestic feelings, one is not surprised to find him saying:—

Some will ring of their warrior bands, and some of kingly pride,—
I sing the monarch of my heart, queen of my own fireside;
For her I will live, for her I will die, should there occasion be,—
Then a health to my Wife, the joy of my life, 'till Death do us part, be she!

In one of his youthful poems, he sings of the mother he so dearly loved, and whose loss he found so hard to bear:—

Her years were few,—yet in that span
She knew what woman can;
And woman's heart can kéenly feel
Each bruise of Sorrow's iron heel.
Now she sleeps sound within the dust,
Where kings, and slaves, and nobles must;
For what is in a pedigree,
O Death! that can protect from thee?"

Here is a Sonnet on

THE BEECH.

Virgil and Ovid sang how Romans writ
Their names in the kind Beech tree's friendly bark,
Together to endure; this lasting mark
Made Shakspere's lovers, with their rustic wit,
In Ardenne's forest. Well our fathers knew
The value of its timber. Many a draught
Of mead or nut-brown ale, I ween, they quaff'd
From Beechen Bowls, when Boreas furious blew
His storm-horn all unheeded; and they slept
Soundly on leaves dropp'd from the old Beech tree:
And many a meal from trenchers ate, which we,
With appetites like theirs, had gladly leapt
From fireside stools, had we been seated there,
To join with relish in their homely fare.

Markham Tweddell's poems have never appeared in a collected form; but he has ready for the press "A Hundred Masonic Sonnets, Illustrative of the Principles of the Craft," which have been for some time running through the pages of the principal Masonic publications at home and abroad, especially in America and Australia, and which are soon to appear in a volume. With one of these, entitled "Free Born," we are compelled to conclude our notice of this many-sided man:—

Who are the favour'd mortals truly Free?
Not him who seeks to wrong his fellow-men;
Nor he who ever fear'd with tongue or pen
To plead the cause of Right. Freemasonry
Disdains the tyrant and the willing slave,
The vilest Serfdom is that of a mind
Which ne'er by Truth and Virtue was refined,—
Oppressive when it can, always a knave.
A man might he unfortunately born
Of some poor captive sold to Slavery;
And now, in mind and body purely free,
Might seek admission. I would not *him* scorn
For his misfortune! and the man who would,
Forgets God made all nations of one blood.'

MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

THE common, but erroneous idea, that a woman of literary habits must be thereby unfitted for her domestic duties, is best corrected by an intimate knowledge of the life of such a woman as the wife of George Markham Tweddell; whose devotion to all that is womanly, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, and friend—if those who know her best may be allowed to judge—has through life been as marked as the purity of her writings, a subject on which all agree. During the years of her Matronship of the Bury Industrial and Ragged Schools, she not only secured the good opinion of the public, but the love of the poor children committed to her care, by the philanthropic manner in which she seconded her husband's zealous efforts to train them up as virtuous citizens, until her naturally weak constitution broke down under the too great strain put upon it, and left her for life a sufferer.

Born at Stokesley on the 2nd of January, 1824, Miss Elizabeth Cole united her lot in life with Mr. George Markham Tweddell on the last day of December, 1843, and has for two score years shared all his varying fortunes calmly and bravely. Here is one of her spirited little poems, addressed to her husband when both were struggling with intense poverty:—

DO THY DUTY BRAVELY

Do thy duty bravely!
  How'er so hard it be:
Work on, and trust in God—
  Then help will come to thee.

Do thy duty bravely!
  Though all around looks drear;
And do not think thou art alone,
  For God is ever near.

Do thy duty bravely!
  If clouds hang thick around,
However dark they *seem* to thee,
  Some bright spot may be found.

Do thy duty bravely!
  In this our world of care,
None are exempt from trials—
  Some burden each must share.

Do thy duty bravely!
  To thee this thought be given,—
If here there is no place for me,
  There's one prepared in heaven.

A true help-mate this, fit to be the wife of a patriot-bard. Her warm love for children is finely shown in the verses on

LEAVING SCHOOL.

A noise of children's voices
  Sounds along the street;
A noise of pattering, pattering,
  Of many children's feet;

All coming from the schoolhouse,
With hearts so light and gay ;
Their lessons all are over—
Now is the time for play.

O, happy, happy children !
Enjoy life while you may ;
No hours to come *can* equal those
You spend in childish play.
Wealth may be yours in years to come,
Or fame may deck some brow ;
But wealth nor fame can make you feel
As you are feeling now.

The boys are setting wickets up,
The girls have form'd a ring ;
And hand in hand around they go,
While merrily they sing.
Sing on, fair children ! girls and boys,
These are your golden days :
A few short years, and then for you
Begin life's thorny ways.

No wonder that heart-felt verses like Mrs. Tweddell's should be reproduced across the broad Atlantic, and at the Antipodes, coming home as they do by their natural simplicity to every bosom.

It is hard to say whether Mrs. Tweddell or her enthusiastic husband are warmest in their love for the beautiful nook of Yorkshire where they were born and bred. Here is our sweet singer's graceful tribute to its charms :—

CLEVELAND.

Land of hills and woods and streams,
Cleveland, Cleveland !

Fairer than a poet's dreams,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Hills with purple heather crown'd,
Woods where Autumn's tints abound,
And streams that flow with pleasant sound,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Land of ancient ruins grey,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Where hooded monks did ofttimes pray,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Beautiful art thou as when
Those grounds were trod by holy men,
Though long, long years have pass'd since then,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Land renown'd for mineral wealth,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Land whose breezes bring us health,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Nature has dealt, with lavish hand,
Her bounties on this favour'd land,
Making it rich as it is grand,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Land of genius ! land of song !
Cleveland, Cleveland !
What honour doth to thee belong,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Honour to thee, 'Gem of the North,'
For here immortal Cook had birth,
Our Cook so famed o'er all the earth,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
Land whose praises well were sung,
Cleveland, Cleveland !
By one who left us all too young,
Cleveland, Cleveland !

He died, but link'd his name with thee,
And WALKER ORD will ever be
Revered as one who worshipp'd thee,
Cleveland, Cleveland!

The following poem is in the Cleveland dialect :—

CUM, STOP AT YAM TE NEET, BOB!

"CUM, stop at yam te neet, Bob!
Deeant gan out onnywhere:
Thou gets thesel t' leeast vex'd, lad,
When thou sits i' t' awd ame-chair.

There's Keeat an' Dick beeath want tha
Te stop an' tell a teeal:
Tak little Keeatie o' the knee,
An' Dick 'll sit on t' steeal.

Let's hev a happy neet, Bob!
Tell all t' teeals thou can tell;
Fer givin' pleeasure te the bairns
'll deea tha good thesel.

Ah knaw it 's seea wi' me, Bob;
Fer oft when Ah've been sad,
Ah've laik'd an' laugh'd wi' them, mon,
Untel me heart's felt glad.

An' sing that little sang, Bob!
Thou youst te sing te me,
When oft we sat at river sahd,
Under t' awd willow tree.

What happy tahms them was, Bob,
Thou nivver left me then
Te gan tit yal-house neet be neet
Amang all t' drunken men.

Ah diz me best fer thou, Bob,
An' thou sud deea t' seeam fer me ;
Just think what things thou promis'd me
Asahd t' awd willow tree !"

"Ah prethee say neea mair, lass—
Ah see Ah aint deean reet ;
Ah'll think ov all thou's sed te me,
An' stay at yam te neet.

Ah'll try te lead a better life—
Ah *will*, an' that thou'll see !
Fra this tahm foth Ah'll spend me neets
At yam, wi' t' bairns an' thee."

In 1875, Mrs. Tweddell published a volume entitled *Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect*, which has been for some time out of print, and which gained her "golden opinions from all sorts of persons." She has a companion volume now ready for the press. Her other articles, in prose and verse, are scattered through the magazines and newspapers ot England, America, and Australia, and ought to be collected into volumes.

JAMES HENRY DIXON, LL.D.

Dr. Dixon was the author of many important contributions to the literature of Yorkshire, and, although not a native of the county, is entitled to a place in our pages. He was born in London in 1803, and at an early age was sent to Skipton, where he attended the Grammar School. Some years he passed at Durham as an articled clerk to a firm of solicitors. He subsequently lived for a time at Grassington, and from boyhood to the period of his death, which occurred at Lausanne, October 26th, 1876, at the age of 73 years, he contributed to the local press, and wrote on Yorkshire subjects to numerous publications. He edited several volumes of poetry for the Percy Society, and his popular book, "The Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," made its first appearance as one of its publications. His best book is "Chronicles and Stories of the Craven Dales," issued in 1881, by Edmondson and Co., Skipton. It is a chatty volume of antiquarian stories and historical sketches, embracing a number of his charming verses. It also includes a gracefully written introduction from the poetic pen of a notable Yorkshireman, the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, of New York.

Dr. Dixon edited a curious Yorkshire ballad, "The Felon Sewe of Rokeby and the Freeres of Richmond," and

his introduction and notes add to the interest of the work, which was likewise published by Edmondson & Co., Skipton.

The following poem is in the Craven dialect :—

THE MILKIN TIME.

MEET meh at the fowd at the milkin-time,
Whan the dusky sky is gowd, at the milkin-time ;
  Whan the fog is slant wiv dew,
  An the clocks going hummin thro'
The wick-sets, an the branches ov the owmerrin yew.

Weel ye knaw the hour ov the milkin-time :
The girt bell sounds frev t' tower at the milkin-time ;
  Bud as t' gowd suin turns to grey,
  An ah cannot hev delay.
Dunnat linger bi the way at the milkin-time.

Ye'll finnd a lass at's true at the milkin-time,
Shoo thinks ov nane bud you, at the milkin-time ;
  Bud my fadder's gittin owd,
  An hes gien a bit ta scowd,
Whan ah's owre lang at the fowd, at the milkin-time.

Happen ye're afear'd at the milkin time ;
Mebbe loike ye've heer'd, at the milkin-time
  The green-fowk shak their feet,
  Whan t' moon on Heesides breet,
An it chanches soa ta-neet, at the milkin-time.

There's yan, an he knaws weel whan it's milkin-time :
He'd feace the varra deil at the milkin-time :
  He'd nut be yan ta wait
  Tho a bargest war i' t' gate,
If the word, ah'd nobbut say 't, at the milkin-time.

GEORGE LANCASTER.

GEORGE LANCASTER was born at North Ferriby, near Hull, in 1846. He served an apprenticeship as a teacher at Drypool schools, and subsequently spent seven years in a merchant's office in Hull. On the death of his employer, he went to Ontario, Canada, where he resumed teaching in the public schools of that colony at Campbellford and Bobcaygeon. On his return to England in 1879, he edited for some time with success, the *Hull Bellman*, and C. H. Barnwell, of Hull, published a volume of his verses under the title of "Lays and Lyrics," which was reviewed by the local press in a favourable manner. In 1883 he joined the literary staff of the *Eastern Morning News*.

The following poem is extracted from "Lays and Lyrics:"—

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS VISITOR.

THE Schoolmaster sat in his class-room, the evening prayer had been said;
His thoughts were in front of a problem, his hands at the back of his head.
He had many dark problems before him, and to make his decisions quite fair,
He was turning them round in his noddle, and working them out on the square.
There were numberless letters laid open, from parents, and guardians, and aunts,

Full of grumbles and growls without number, and worries, and wishes and wants.
Mistress Smith was alarmed for her Tommy, she thought they had whipped him too strong,
He was always a good boy at home, she was sure he would never do wrong.
She had a great horror of whipping—it crushed out the manhood and pride ;
She had nothing to say against leather, unless it was tanning the hide ;
She thought that the soul was embittered by stinging the body with pain ;
She believed in the sugar of kindness, but not in the sugar of cane.
Mistress Brown desired Willie a whipping, he grew such a masterful lad ;
He did not get on with his studies, and so disobedient and bad ;
He quarrelled and swore with his brothers, and so many lies he would tell ;
She was sure that the school was to blame, and she wished they would wallop him well.
She was one that believed a sound beating would do the boy good and no hurt,
For even the best Brussels carpets were beaten to fetch out the dirt ;
By beating, bar-iron was toughened, and grain was divided from straw,
And marble was shaped into beauty, and boys were subjected to law.
Mistress Jones was concerned for her Jimmy, afraid he was going insane ;
They must really not work him so hard, she thought he would crack his poor brain ;
He was killing himself with his studies, the examination to pass,
And he sat till the bottom of night, to keep at the top of his class.
Mister Robinson thought them too easy with idleback Dick, and he said
That they were to poke him up smartly, and leather it into his head ;
If he didn't progress a bit faster he shouldn't allow him to stay ;
They must put on the screw and the rawhide, or else he should take him away.
Mistress Dibb disapproved of her Bobby sitting near to those children of Medd's,

She thought they were not overclean, as they always were scratching their heads.
And old Mistress Simpson was writing, to look after her boy at play,
And not let him climb up the swing-pole, and wear all his trousers away.
Another was making complaints that his boy coming home often lingers,
Moreover he blackened his hands by cleaning his slate with his fingers.
And this one was learning to swear, for he used a bad word to his mother;
And that one was spoiling his boots by standing one foot on the other.
And so the schoolmaster kept reading these grumbles and growls without end,
And many a time he was puzzled what sort of an answer to send.
Some culprits were there, too, before him, awaiting the punishment due
Pretending to feel very sorry, and trying to look very blue.
They had scribbled the wall of the class-room, and made it appear such a fright,
That he sometimes felt sorry he ever had taught them to draw or to write.
And they read penny-dreadfuls, with stories of murder and blood-thirsty deed;
He was almost afraid he had cursed them, in teaching the rascals to read
And while he was thinking and thinking, he heard a great noise on the stair,
So he rose from his seat in a hurry, and peeped down to see who was there,
When he saw a stout, jolly old fellow, a farmer at once you would guess him,
Who came up all smiling and nodding, and bluffly began to address him—

. . . . . .

'Good-day te ya, Misther Skealmaisther, the evening is desperate fine,
Ah thowt ah wad gie ya a call aboot that young sonnie o' mine.
Ah couldn't persuade him te come, sea ah left him behont ma at yam,
But somehoo it's waintly possesst ma te mak a skealmaisther o' Sam.
He's a kind of a slackback you knaw, ah niver could get him te worrk,
He scarcelins wad addle his sawt wiv a ploo, or a shovel, or forrk.

Ah've tried him agean and agean, budjah finnd that he's nea use at yam,
Sea me an' ma missus agreed te mak' a skealmaisther o' Sam.
If ah sends him te wark, why, he'll chunther, an' gie ma the awfullest leaaks,
He'd a deal ravther lig uppod sofy wi novels an' them soort o' beaaks,
Sea ah thowt a skealmaisther wad suit him, a lowse soort o' job d'ye see,
Just te keep a few banes oot o' mischief, as easy, as easy can be.
Ov coorse you've te larn 'em te coont, an' te figger a bit an' te read,
An' te sharpen 'em up if they're numskulls, wiv a lalldabber ower their heed,
Bud it's as easy as easy you knaw, an' ah think it wad just suit oor Sam,
An' ma missus she's just o' ma mind, for she says that's he nea use at yam.
It was nobbut this morning ah sent him te gan and te harra some land,
He was boaming asleep uppod foaf, wiv a rubbishly beaak iv his hand;
Ah gav' him a bunch wi me feeat an' rattled him yarming off yam.
Sea ah think that ah'll send him te you, you mun mak' a skealmaisther o' Sam.
He's a stiff and a runty young fellow, ah think that he'll grow up a whopper;
He'd wallop the best lad you've got, an' ah think he would wallop him proper;
But still he's a slackback you knaw, an' seeing he's nea use at yam,
Ah think ah shall send him te you, you mun mak' a skealmaisther o' Sam."

. . . . . .

The schoolmaster answered him slowly—"A slackback is useless I fear.
I'm sure he won't make a schoolmaster, it's no use your bringing him here.
He would find out the work was much harder than ploughing or pulling a rake.
You think it's as easy as easy, and that's where you make the mistake.
Has Sam a kind heart in his bosom? a wish human souls to exalt?
Can he say a firm word without harshness, and know when to look o'er a fault?

Has he got an unquenchable thirst to improve, and to polish his mind?
Does he know when to punish a culprit, and when to seem deaf and look blind?
Can he build in the minds of his pupils a love for the good and the true?
Can he guide them in what to believe, and to know, and to be, and to do?
Do his eyes flash with earnest emotion of knowledge, of zeal, and of skill?
Has he got a great heartful of patience? a firm and unbendable will?
Can he bear to be fretted and worried a score or two times in a day?
Be angered without shewing anger, and still have a kind word to say?
Can he work seven days in a week in an atmosphere bitter as gall?
Short pay and long credit at that, and overtime no pay at all?
Can he come to his work in the morning with spirits inventive and bright?
And never look jaded all day, though limp as a dishcloth at night?
Can he rouse the dark vision of dulness, and curb an untameable will?
Restrain a too-forward conceit, and shyness with confidence fill?
Can he rivet a wandering eye, and soften a boisterous tread?
Can he do twenty things at a time and see through the back of his head?"
And thus, as the master kept talking, the farmer was lifting his hair,
And backing, and backing his footsteps, until he had backed down the stair;
And then he gave way to his feelings, as soon as he got to the foot,—
"Good night te ya, Misther Skealmaisther, I think you have gone off yer nut."

JOHN HARTLEY.

THIS writer is perhaps the most popular of the Yorkshire poets of the present time, and his books are more widely circulated than any other local author in this country. Mr. Hartley is a native of Halifax, and was born on the 19th of October, 1839. He was educated at Park Place Academy; at an early age he entered the well-known house of James Ackroyd and Sons, and remained there many years as a designer of worsted goods. In 1865 his first piece appeared in print under the title of "Bite Bigger," and in the same year was published "Annie Linn."

His famous publication, "The Halifax Illuminated Clock Almanack," named after the establishment of Mr. Wilson, hatter, of Halifax, by whom it was first sold, was commenced in 1867. Its merits were soon recognised; it still remains a popular favourite, and has an immense circulation. A collection of his poems was issued in 1868 under the title of "Hartley's Yorkshire Ditties." Messrs. W. Nicholson and Sons, of Wakefield, and 20, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row, London, have since published from his facile pen in poetry and prose, humorous and pathetic, amongst other works, the following: "A Sheaf from the Moorland," "Yorkshire Ditties," in two series; "Yorkshire Puddin'," "Seets i' Paris," "Seets i' Lundun," "Grimes's Trip to

ıerica," "Seets i' Blackpool," "A Rolling Stone," l "Many a Slip."

The local and London press have given most flattering iews of his works. Mr. Hartley is an accomplished der of his own productions, and his readings are extremely ɔular in the West Riding.

The following poems are selected from his published tings :—

BITE BIGGER.

As aw hurried throo th' taan to mi wark,
(Aw wur lat, for all th' whistles had gooan,)
Aw happen'd to hear a remark,
'At ud fotch tears throo th' heart ov a stooan.—
It wur raanin, an' snawin, and cowd,
An' th' flagstoans wur covered wi' muck,
An' th' east wind booath whistled an' howl'd,
It saanded like nowt but ill luck ;
When two little lads, donn'd i' rags,
Baght stockins or shoes o' ther feet,
Coom trapesin away ower th' flags,
Booath on 'em sodden'd wi' th' weet.—
Th' owdest mud happen be ten,
Th' young en be hauf on't,—noa moor ;
As aw luk'd on, aw sed to misen,
God help fowk this weather 'at's poor !
Th' big en sam'd summat off th' graand,
An' aw luk'd just to see what 't could be ;
'Twur a few wizend flaars he'd faand,
An' they seem'd to ha fill'd him wi glee :
An' he sed, "Come on, Billy, may be
We shall find summat else by an by,
An' if net, tha mun share thease wi me

When we get to some spot where it's dry."
Leet-hearted they trotted away,
An' aw follow'd, coss 'twur i' mi rooad ;
But aw thowt awd nee'er seen sich a day—
It worn't fit ta be aght for a tooad.
Sooin th' big en agean slipt away,
An' sam'd summat else aght o' th' muck,
An' he cried aght, " Luk here, Bill ! to-day
Arn't we blest wi' a seet o' gooid luck ?
Here's a apple ! an' th' mooast on it's saand :
What's rotten aw'll throw into th' street—
Worn't it gooid to ligg thear to be faand ?
Nah booath on us con have a treat."
Soa he wiped it, an' rubb'd it, an' then
Sed, " Billy, thee bite off a bit ;
If tha hasn't been lucky thisen
Tha shall share wi' me sich as aw get."
Soa th' little en bate off a touch,
T'other's face beamed wi' pleasur all throo,
An' he said, " Nay, tha hasn't taen much,
Bite agean, an' bite bigger ; nah do !"
Aw waited to hear nowt noa moor,—
Thinks aw, there's a lesson for me !
Tha's a heart i' thi breast if tha'rt poor :
Th' world wur richer wi' moor sich as thee !
Tuppince wur all th' brass aw had,
An' awd ment it for ale when coom nooin,
But aw thowt aw'll goa give it yond lad,
He desarves it for what he's been dooin ;
Soa aw sed, " Lad, here's tuppince for thee,
For thi sen,"—an' they stared like two geese ;
But he sed, woll th' tear stood in his e'e,
" Nah, it'll just be a penny a piece."

" God bless thi ! do just as tha will,
An' may better days speedily come ;
Tho' clam'd, an' hauf donn'd, mi lad, still
Tha'rt a deal nearer Heaven nur some."

AGHT O' WARK.

Aw'vE been laiking for ommost eight wick,
An' aw can't get a day's wark to do !
Aw've trailed abaght th' streets wol awm sick
An' aw've worn mi clog-soils ommost through.

Aw've a wife and three childer at hooam,
An' aw know they're all lukkin at th' clock,
For they think it's high time aw should come,
An' bring 'em a morsel 'o jock.

A'a dear ! it's a pitiful case
When th' cubbord is empty an' bare ;
When want's stamped o' ivery face,
An' yo hav'nt a meal yo can share.

To-day as aw walked into th' street,
Th' squire's carriage went rattlin past :
An' aw thout 'at it hardly luk'd reet,
For aw had'nt brokken mi fast.

Them horses, aw knew varry weel,
Wi' ther trappins all shining i' gold,
Had nivver known th' want of a meal,
Or a shelter to keep 'em thro' th' cold.

Even th' dogs have enuff an' to spare,
Tho' they ne'er worked a day i' ther life ;
But ther maisters forget they should care
For a chap 'at's three bairns an' a wife.

They give dinners at th' hall ivery neet,
An' ther's carriages standin bi'th scoor,
An' all th' windows are blazin wi leet,
But they seldom give dinners to th' poor.

I' mi pocket aw hav'nt a rap,
Nor a crust, nor a handful o' mail ;
An' unless we can get it o'th strap,
We mun pine, or mun beg, or else stail.

But hoamwards aw'll point mi owd clogs
To them three little lambs an' ther dam ;—
Aw wish they wor horses or dogs,
For its nobbut poor fowk 'at's to clam.

But they say ther is One 'at can see,
An' has promised to guide us safe through ;
Soa aw'll live on i' hopes, an' surelee,
He'll find a chap summat to do.

POOR ISABEL.

UNDER the shining moon,
Like some fair spirit sleeping,
Upon a bed of moss
Her nightly watches keeping,
Sat Isabel.
The night-dew gleamed upon the flowers
That sleeping waited sunny hours,
Which soon should chase their griefs away,
And cheer them with the welcome ray they love so well.

Under the shining moon,
Her own sad griefs bewailing,
Sighing her heart away
In sorrows unavailing,
Sat Isabel :—

Like glittering pearls her tear drops fell
Upon her snowy breast, whose swell
Revealed a grief she dared not name;
A grief,—the secret of her shame, oh sad to tell!

Under the shining moon,
Alone and melancholy,
Bathed in a flood of light,
So mild, so calm and holy,
Sat Isabel:
Her long bright hair neglected lay,
Tossed by the breeze like golden spray
Playing around a marble shore,
Whence sign of life comes never more, save sorrow's knell.

Under the shining moon,
Where once her arms entwined
The neck of him she loved,
Who proved, alas! unkind,
Sat Isabel:
On him her whole existence hung,
For him she wept, for him she sung;
Her virgin heart so pure and sweet,
She laid at her betrayer's feet: she loved and fell.

Under the shining moon,
Where nightly sits the raven,
Perched on a rough-hewn stone
Whereon some hand has graven,
"Poor Isabel."
No more I see that fair form sleeping:
Herself and secret safe in keeping,
Are waiting 'neath that mossy cover,
All vain regrets and heartaches over, sweet maid, farewell.

HOPE ON.

THE sun shines brightly on the open flowers,
That 'neath his gaze their lovely charms display,
Decking with gorgeous tints this earth of ours,
Gladd'ning man's sight, and making nature gay.

The night creeps on, and mantles all the sky
With sombre curtains, and the song bird sleeps;
Whilst fragrant zephyrs pass with lengthened sigh,
And the night's goddess o'er the landscape weeps.

Her tear-drops glitter on the floral gem,
That sorrow-laden bows its weary head,
Until the morn puts on his diadem,
And kisses off the tears dull night has shed.

Then does each little cup unfold its charm,
Wantonly smiling,—trembling with delight;
And flitting songsters pour forth Nature's psalm,
All troubles vanished—all fears put to flight.

Thus man, from sorrow's darkest night may gain
Strength to support him as he plods his away;
And from a life of trouble and of pain,
With joy enduring through an endless day.

BERNARD BATIGAN.

MR. BATIGAN, of Hull, has made his mark as a lecturer, elocutionist, and writer. He has frequently lectured in London, Leeds, Birmingham, and other important towns in England and Scotland, on such topics as "The Humour and Poetry of the Period," "Punch," "Heroism," "Literary Giants from Elizabeth to Victoria," "The Art of Elocution," "Studies and Recitals from Shakespeare's principal plays." He is one of the few Shakespearean lecturers who has memorized the text of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As you Like It*, and other great works, as well as some of the popular modern dramas. All his lectures have been favourably criticised by the press. He displays great ability as an elocutionist, and in Hull and neighbourhood is well known as a successful teacher of elocution. Several of his pupils have gained considerable distinction on the stage and in the pulpit. He is acknowledged as one of the chief popularizers of the Art in recent years. He was among the original writers of *The Dart*, a satirical weekly, published at Birmingham. It was for that paper that he wrote a series of clever freehand sketches of public personages, entitled "Our National Portrait Gallery." In 1883, C. H. Barnwell, of Hull, published "New Pieces for Elocution Practice, and Drawing-room Recitals," consisting of Speeches, Poems, Sketches, and

Dialogues (Humorous and Pathetic). The contents were written or adapted by Mr. Batigan. The work was well received, and had a rapid sale, and its favourable reception will doubtless induce him to produce a new and enlarged edition. Many of the poems are by Mr. Batigan, and reprinted from *Public Opinion*, *The Rock*, *Leeds Mercury*, *Newcastle Chronicle*, and other publications.

Mr. Batigan is not a native of Yorkshire; he was born at Hanley, Staffordshire, and came to Hull at an early age. He has been a diligent student, and early connecting himself with the principal literary institutions of the town, has laboured for years on committees, and in other ways lent his assistance to religious, social, and literary movements. The following are selected from Mr. Batigan's poems :—

'TIS HEAVEN TO LOVE.

We know not where our heavenly home may be,
Beyond! Beyond! throughout eternity ;
But faith can pierce to that bright life above,
The life elysian, for "God is Love."

'Tis heaven to love ; the spirit's paradise,
To gaze upon the face of God with eyes
Of holy yearning to be near His heart,
And never, never, from His side depart !

The happy transport here and now possest,
When pure affection fills the mortal breast,
When swelling hearts conceive on earth a heaven,
With scarce a vestige of corrupting leaven ;

That sweet felicity a darling child
Inspires in loving souls—joy undefiled—
Is but a foretaste of the bliss above,
Infinite, glorious, where "God is Love !"

O love unchangeable, unfading, sure;
Passion ineffable, ecstatic, pure;
Rapture immortal, beatific rest;
The heaven of God, and life of all the blest!

The lines we next give (in Anglo-Dutch *patois*), were written for the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and went the rounds of the English press.

SCHAGOB SCHNEIDER SCHMIT.

(The Tale of a Tailor).

VE leaf in Hull, me und mine vife,
Mit dree zhmall Deutchers vull of life:
Dey play zo shveed der trum und fife,
Und scharm mine ears.

Mine name vas Schagob Schneider Schmit,
I vork vile on der vloor I zit—
Dot make mine legs pend out a bit,
Zhust like mine shears.

Ven vork vas done ve musig blay;
Der dree zhmall shilts vill plow avay;
Mine Gretchen plow der trum zo gay,
Und me der pones.

Und dot zhmall shilt, dot vas doo zhmall
For blay der fife, vill zing und shquall
Der shveedest musig of dem all,
In paby dones.

Zomedimes mine vife—she vas zo shtout—
Vill zing mit von great lofely zhout—
Dot puts der trums und fifes to rout—
Und makes me greep!

Ach ! ven mine shilts plays trums und fife,
Und me der pones, und dot zhveed vife,
Mit paby Schmit, did zing vor life—
Mit jhoy I veep !

Zo ve vas habby, in our vay :
Night gomes, ve to our Fader pray,
Dot He vill zend us pread each day,
Und peacevull shleep.

Here is a message of love drawn from one of the Hull newspapers, and in every way entitled to a place in our wreath of poetry :—

PEACE TO THE PENITENT.

Sister, fallen, weak, forsaken ;
Sister stained with sin ;
Is thy faith in Heaven shaken—
Dead within ?

O, for thee there comes that story,
Breathing grace divine !
Magdalené's fall found mercy—
So may thine !

Man may scorn thee, man deceive thee ;
Man may lead astray ;
Courage ! One will never leave thee,
Come what may.

Only turn thee from the " broad road ;"
Turn to Him with tears—
Tears up-springing from thy heart-load,
Big with fears.

O my sister, love lives longer
Than thy sin and shame :
Christ is stronger than the wronger—
Bless His Name !

WILLIAM HEATON.

THIS self-educated poet was born at Luddenden, near Halifax, in 1805. His occupation was that of a carpet-weaver, but for some time he was the keeper of the People's Park at Halifax. In 1847, a volume of his poems was published, entitled, "The Flowers of Calder Vale;" and in 1857 appeared "The Old Soldier, Wandering Lover, and other Poems." In the latter book is an interesting autobiography. He published several smaller works, and was a constant contributor to the local press. He died August 14th, 1871.

WILD FLOWERS.

I love to see the primrose bloom
  Beside the sylvan stream,
And little daisies open fair,
  Beneath the sunshine's gleam;
When daffodils and buttercups
  Bloom in each lovely vale,
And the wild bees with honeyed lips
  Their fragrant sweets inhale.

When nature from her golden lap
  Scatters a thousand flowers,
To blossom on the desert waste,
  Or in the woodland bowers.

Far from the daring haunts of men,
Upon the mountain crest,
Where the wild eagle rears her young,
And builds her lonely nest.

They rear their heads unseen, unknown,
Upon the moorland wild,
And hang upon the hedgerows green,
By nature undefiled.
Their scented sweets are carried far
Upon the balmy air;
They bloom upon the lonely grave
Of the once fresh and fair.

Each valley bears the impress sweet
Of their enlivening charms;
They bloom upon each heath-clad hill,
'Mid nature's wild alarms.
Their loveliness is never seen
Within the city's gloom:
But in the forest's lonely wild
They love to bud and bloom.

The lily and the mountain rose
Their lovely sweets display;
And flowers of different tints and shades
Look quite as fresh as they.
The foxglove by the forest dell
Uprears its gorgeous head;
While scores of other beauteous flowers
Around our feet are spread.

These all were made by one great Hand,
For some wise purpose given;
They cheer man in life's stormy path,
And point the way to heaven.

To-day they bloom both fresh and fair,
With all their colours grand :
To-morrow's sun may find them all
A wreck upon the strand.

They image forth those short-lived joys
Designed for man below,
Where sorrow and its kindred weeds
In countless clusters grow ;
While hope looks up with streaming eyes,
And points the soul above,
Where everlasting flowerets bloom,
And everlasting love.

J. S. FLETCHER.

THE youngest son of the late Rev. John Fletcher, of Hursbourne, was born at Halifax on the 7th of February, 1863. After the publication of some first efforts in one of the lesser known magazines, he issued in 1882 a little volume, entitled "Early Poems," which was received with much favour at the hands of the press. "Mr. Fletcher," said the *Leeds Mercury*, "writes with taste and feeling, and there is true poetic fervour as well as chaste expression in his verses." The *National Church* gave the book high praise, and said the poems were "New phases of thought and feeling in language rich in poetic beauty, and in rhyme which lingers on the ear like a strain of music."

In the spring of 1883, Mr. Fletcher, then residing at Darrington, wrote his first effort of any magnitude—"Anima Christi." He chose for his subject the passage of a soul from Atheism to Christianity, and threw the poem into the form of a monologue. It was published, a year after, and immediately received high praise from all quarters. "It is long" said the *Graphic* "since we have met with a poem which has so completely engrossed us as 'Anima Christi.' From the exquisite sonnet which serves as a prologue, down to the last line, the author shews himself to be a true poet. It is impossible to quote from the many beauties of the poem. Mr.

Fletcher's verse may bear comparison with that of our best-known writers." *The Saturday Review* said: "Mr. Fletcher's conception is worthy of realization; and his work contains sufficient indications of the poetic faculty to make us hope he may attain to more adequate and perfect fulfilment of future conceptions." The *Literary World*, the *Spectator*, the *Glasgow Herald*, all spoke favourably of "Anima Christi," and the two great Romanist organs, the *Tablet* and the *Month*, devoted a more than ordinary amount of space to reviewing the poem, giving it their warm approbation.

Mr. Fletcher has contributed poems to many of the leading magazines and periodicals, and has devoted himself to literature. He is at present, (August 1884) engaged in the preparation of a new volume, which will shortly be published under the title of "Heather and Hyacinth."

OUT AT SEA.

I KNOW that I am dying, mate, so fetch the Bible here
What's laid unopened in the chest for five-and-twenty year,
And bring a light along with you, and read a bit to me
Who haven't heard a word of it since I first came out to sea.

It's five-and twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest,
Who put that dear old Bible at the bottom of my chest;
And I can well remember the words she says to me,—
"Now don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate, for it clean slipped from my head,
But when I came from that first voyage the dear old girl was dead,
And the neighbours told me while I stood as still as still could be,
That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,
For I never gave a thought to it, a-sailing everywhere ;
But now that I am dying you can read a bit to me,
As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and read it up, right loud,
So that the Lord can hear it, if it finds Him in a crowd.
I can scarce hear what you're saying for the wind that howls to lee,
But the Lord will hear above it all, for He's been out to sea.

It's set in very dark, mate, and I think I'll say good-night,—
But stop—look there—why mate, why Bill, the cabin's nearly light !—
There's the dear old mother standing there, as gave the book to me,—
All right, I'm coming,—Mate, good by, my soul's going out to sea !

THE SONG OF A ROSE.

WHERE the still sunlit garden reposes
Shut in from the rest of the land
By woods and by streams and by closes
Which stretch to the wave-washed strand
Of shingle and rock and brown sand,
In front of a white-breasted sea :
There are thousands and thousands of roses,
But never a rose like Thee.

I have read in some old Eastern story,
Some legend of long, long ago,
Of a flower that was clothed with all glory
A flower that had petals like snow,
And the flower of the legend I know,
Was fair as a fair flower can be
But no flower of legend or story
Is like unto Thee.

ANIMA CHRISTI.

O SOUL of Christ Whom, seeing not, we know,
O Mighty Influence working by strange ways
Unto the destined end, be Thine the praise
That any soul is brought from endless woe,
From suffering and the life which is below
Unto the searching presence of the blaze
Of Thy High Heaven. Here in this worldly maze,
Where few friends are and mighty is the foe,
We wander, looking upward to Thy Heaven,
Sinning and sinned against from day to day,
Soul-sick, mind-tossed, and sometimes from Thee driven,
Yet not by Thee permitted far to stray.
Ah the blest joy when we, from all sin shriven,
O Soul of Christ, shall be with Thee for aye!

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

ANGELUS sounds across the quiet meadows:
Here let me kneel and intercession make,
Until around me fall the evening shadows,
With her who loves us for her dear Son's sake.

Mother of God, and Queen of highest heaven!
Ah, Mary hear us when we ask of thee
To pray for us for whom thy Son has striven,
For whom He died upon the blesséd Tree.

And hearing, kneel in thy sweet solemn whiteness
With all true saints before the Eternal Throne,
Ah, pray for us, and let us feel the lightness
Of perfect peace and know our fault is gone.

Mary, thine eyes have looked upon Him dying,
Thine arm hath held Him as a little child,
Ah, bid Him look on us all-suppliant lying,
O blesséd One and Virgin undefiled.

Plead with Him, Mother of the sheep that love him,
Kneel to Him, Lily of celestial fields!
Mary, thy love is round Him and above Him,
Thy hand can move the sceptre which He wields.

O Holy Mother, see, while night comes stealing
Over the hills that watch yon peaceful bay,
The bell that calls us to thy praise is pealing,
And we will praise for ever and for aye.

Hail, Mary! Hail, Queen, Mother, Saint Most Glorious!
Kneeling in Heaven before Thy Monarch Son,
Help us to come from out the fight victorious,
Stretch forth thine hand to greet us when 'tis done!

REV. GOODWYN BARMBY.

THE Rev. Goodwyn Barmby occupied the pulpit of the Westgate Unitarian Chapel, Wakefield, for twenty-one years, and resigned his charge in 1879 to return to his native county of Suffolk. He died at Yoxford, in 1881. Many of his poems were published in the *People's Journal* and other periodicals, he also wrote several works, including two volumes of poetry. He was a warm-hearted man, and made many friends.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,—
Give me its grasp, that my soul may believe thee!
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman:
Soft palm or hard hand, it mattereth never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand with the grasp of a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it,—
Give me its grasp, that my love may adorn it!
Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-veined maiden,
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen:
Soft palm or hard hand, it mattereth never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!

MRS. SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

MRS. SUSAN K. PHILLIPS, the daughter of the Rev. George Kelly Holdsworth, M.A., Vicar of Aldborough, and Albinia, daughter of Colonel Dalton, of Hemingford Park, was born at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, in 1831. She was married in 1856 to Mr. Henry Wyndham Phillips, the artist. In 1865, Mrs. Phillips issued a volume of poems under the title of "Verses and Ballads." This was followed five years later by "Yorkshire Songs and Ballads," and in 1878 her volume entitled "On the Seaboard," was published by Messrs. Macmillan. The popularity of this book of charming verse was such that it shortly reached a second edition. The poems were full of an originality and charm which shewed their author to be a true poetess, and their beauty of description received warm praise. The rough life of the Northern fishermen had perhaps never been so beautifully sung of or depicted, and everyone was quick to recognise the genius which lay in these wonderful songs of the sea-shore. The *Daily News* said: "These poems suggest a recollection of Charles Kingsley, but the writer has a voice and song of her own, which is full of yearning pathetic sweetness, and a loving human sympathy with the anxious homes of the poor toilers of the sea. The poems evince a true simplicity of style, which is only another word for sincerity." A reviewer

in *The World* stated that "This volume of verses stands out in bright relief from the average poetry of the day. All is pure, womanly, in a setting of most graceful and melodious verse." Notices in many other leading journals were equally flattering. Her latest volume is entitled "Told in a Coble, and other Poems," and is issued by Messrs. J. S. Fletcher and Co., Leeds. Yorkshire scenes and incidents furnish the themes of several of the finest pieces. It is a work of undoubted merit, and adds much to the reputation of the authoress, who is entitled to be ranked as one of our best and purest living writers of poetry. Mrs. Phillips has coutributed to most of the better known magazines and journals of the day,—*Macmillan's Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *Time*, *All the Year Round*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, &c.

We select from "On the Seaboard" and "Told in a Coble" the following examples of her poetry:—

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Who knows the mighty secret,
The secret of the sea?
I love its beauty passing well,
I love the thunder of its swell,
I love the glory of its play,
The glitter of its feathery spray,
But its secret is hid from me.

Who knows the mighty secret—
Who gives the sea its power
Its laugh will chime with the gayest mood,
It gives the friend to solitude;
It frets with the fretted heart or head,
It mourns the past, it wails the dead,
It lulls the dreamy hour.

Who has the mighty secret ?
Never a mortal knows.
By the shells alone is the riddle read,
As they lie deep down in their coral bed
In the depths of the seaweed forest brown,
Where the August sunshine quivers down,
And the great tide comes and goes.

They know the mighty secret ;
They are cast upon the sand ;
We gather them up from the creamy foam,
We bear them away to our inland home,
As relics of happy seaside days,
We bear them to dwell where the soft breeze plays
Over the flowery land.

They know the mighty secret ;
They murmur it all day long.
With a passionate wail, with a yearning cry,
For the shadowy reef where the surf beats high,
Where the great waves roll for ever and aye,
And their roar swells up to the hanging sky,
And the wind blows wild and strong.

They know the mighty secret ;
We hold them to our ear,
We hear the mystical sound again,
We hear the voice of the restless main,
We know the long monotonous roar,
As the billows break on the rugged shore ;
But that is all we hear.

We cannot read the secret,
We cannot find the key.

Ah ! sully not by earthly guess
Its grandeur and its loveliness ;
Take the infinite gladness of the main,
And fling the poor shell back again,
Back to its parent sea.

MISSING, THE BARQUE LECTA OF WHITBY, TEN HANDS ALL TOLD.

MISSING, three weeks and more, missing from life and light,
The sea roars up through the bay, the dim suns rise and set ?
Missing ; the long days pass, the stars gleam out in the night,
Hot eyes strain over the Roads, no sign of the vessel yet.

The glass falls down and down, the big clouds pack in the west,
The fierce north-easter sweeps over the angry waves,
And ghastly dreams creep in to fever the mother's rest,
And wives and sisters shrink as the gale past the cottage raves.

Missing, three weeks and more ; yet children must be fed,
Little they reck how fast the tears fall over the plate ;
Will the sailor's strong brown hand yet pay for his babies' bread,
Or does it toss in the deep, a toy for the sole and the skate ?

Ten hands ; ay, Hal is there. Hal with his drowned father's eyes ;
And Willie, so proud to pace the deck with a master's tread ;
And George, whose sweetheart waits, tears fading her cheeks' rose dyes,
It is three weeks past already, the day they had fixed to wed.

Ten hands ; and the curt phrase means, just ten brave human lives ;
Ten centres of household love, husband, brother, and son,
Who each for his own at home suffers and dares and strives ;
Hark ! was it the echoing surf, or the boom of the minute-gun ?

Better almost to see the rocket leap from the land,
And the lifeboat shooting out amid the flash and the foam;
And the ship on the cruel reef, and clinging to spar and strand;
Men face to face with death, with death, so close to home.

Better almost to know the last long voyage over,
Done the danger and labour, struggle and tempest past;
That safe in God's quiet Haven, rest husband, child, and lover
While we wait on for a little to join them all at last;

Than to madden here in silence, while under the low gray sky
The wild winds wail and moan, and the wild waves lash the shore;
To weep, and pray, and listen, while the long hours weary by,
And still the ship is missing, missing three weeks and more.

THE TRYST.

THERE was not a cloud in the deep blue sky,
Nor a foaming crest on the sea;
The winds were asleep in the arms of the deep,
And their breath came noiselessly;
The soft sweet rays of the harvest moon
The heaving waters kissed,
And the light was shed on the Abbey head,
And the tombstones that watch the quiet dead,
And in calm I kept our tryst.

The blank black sky, and the blank black sea,
Blent in the angry night;
The wild winds met where the waters fret,
In a belt of luminous light;
They thundered along the hollow strand,
Where the rain, like a python hissed;
And near and far, from rock and scar,
Rang the mighty challenge of Nature's war,
And in storm I kept our tryst.

White, weird, and ghastly crept the fog,
  Over river and moor and coast ;
Each fast-moored boat, on the harbour afloat,
  Loomed like a threatening ghost.
The sea lay muttering sullenly,
  Under the veiling mist ;
And the buoy-bell rung, with its ominous tongue,
  Where the tide on the lip of the rock was flung,
And in gloom I kept our tryst.

For while holy grief and loving trust
  With me keep watch together,
I reck not, I, of sea or sky,
  Our hearts hold tranquil weather.
So I know, in the royal right of love,
  I may claim you an I list ;
So my hand may reach, in its silent speech,
  To the spirit-greeting where each meets each,
In faith I keep our tryst.

JAMES BURNLEY.

MR. BURNLEY is a native of Shipley, and was born in 1842. At an early age he was removed to Bradford, where he was educated at private schools. He displayed when quite young a taste for literary pursuits, and his productions found a place in the Bradford papers and other publications. Several years were passed in the office of a Bradford solicitor, and at the age of 18 he removed to London, where he was engaged in the law. Gaining considerable experience in the Metropolis, he continued to give attention to literary matters, and at this period contributed to *Once a Week*. Mr. Burnley returned to Bradford in 1862, and, drifting into a literary circle, thenceforward devoted much time to literary labours. His first book was published in 1869, under the title of "Idonia, and other Poems" (London: Longmans, Geeen, Reader, and Dyer.) It was well received by the critical press, and may be regarded as a work of undoubted poetical merit, entitling the writer to a front place amongst modern Yorkshire poets. Said one of the reviews: "The author shows that he possesses a sensitive heart and a clear head, that he knows something of the inner workings of the human soul, that he is a keen observer of men and things, and that he is able to clothe his ideas in proper terms, and to arrange the latter in harmonious numbers." Some of the shorter

poems in the volume were designated as "little gems" by a leading London journal, in a most flattering notice. In the region of prose, however, Mr. Burnley was destined to achieve a still wider success. It was in the year 1869 that Mr. Burnley commenced, under the pseudonym of "Saunterer," in the *Bradford Observer*, his well-known local sketches; and three years later, viz., in 1872, a selection of the articles appeared in a volume entitled "Phases of Bradford Life." In the West Riding of Yorkshire the work had a hearty reception, and journals like the *Graphic*, *Standard*, *Spectator*, and *Literary World* were favourably impressed with the book. Two years later was issued "Looking for the Dawn," a Yorkshire story. Next, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton issued "West Riding Sketches," consisting of about a score of smartly-written articles, several of which had been previously published in the pages of *All the Year Round*. In 1880 appeared a most readable and informing volume, entitled, "Two Sides of the Atlantic," the materials for which work were collected during an extensive tour made through the States and Canada in 1877. Mr. Burnley, in 1875, visited Belgium, Germany, (Rhineland), and Switzerland, and wrote a series of graphic sketches of his journey. The year previously he went to Italy, and made a tour through the whole country, subsequently publishing an interesting account of his rambles. In 1882-3 he again visited the United States, this time spending much time in New Mexico, California, and other Western States. This description of his journeyings in the Far West, and especially of his experiences amongst the Indians and Mexicans, is amongst the cleverest things he has written.

For the *Leeds Mercury* he wrote a series of articles, under the title of "Workshops of the West Riding." In "Cassell's Great Industries of Great Britain" will be found many of his articles. He wrote, for *London Society* the greater portion of the chapters devoted to "Fortunes Made in Business," which have since been published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in two handsome volumes. *The Times*, *The Athenæum*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and other leading papers and reviews, have referred in terms of special approval to the portions of the work written by Mr. Burnley. He is likewise a contributor to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," *Belgravia*, *Temple Bar*, *The World*, *Fun*, and other high-class publications.

He has done much good work as a dramatic and art critic leader writer, descriptive correspondent, and literary editor of the *Bradford Observer*. His "Yorkshire Stories Re-told," in the *Bradford Observer Budget*, formed an important feature in that well-conducted journal. He edited for some time the *Yorkshire Magazine*, and has conducted, since its commencement, in January, 1875, the *Yorkshireman*, an illustrated journal of humour, satire, and criticism, which is extremely popular in Yorkshire and Lancashire. In 1874 he established *Saunterer's Satchel*, an annual dealing with the humorous side of Yorkshire life and character, and chiefly written in the dialect of the West Riding. Mr. Burnley is the author of a number of successful comedies, pantomimes, farces, burlesques, and popular entertainments.

Although his general journalistic and literary work has for the last few years been in other directions than the poetic, he has not wholly neglected the muse. Every

week, we believe, he is represented in the *Yorkshireman* by one or more contributions in verse, but these are for the most part of a satirical character. Occasionally, however, he soars to loftier heights, and gives forth pieces of more serious import, which show that he has lost none of the old poetic gift or art, and from these at no distant day, it is to be hoped, a collection will be made and published, which will serve to show that in Mr. Burnley, Yorkshire possesses a minstrel who is well worthy of the name, and who, if the demands of prose had not been so great upon him would have done still higher work in that line than he has done.

MY OLD LOVE.

I saw a face in the streets to-night,
That brought up the buried years,—
The face of the woman I might have wed,—
And it filled my heart with tears;
For she loved me well, and I loved her too,
But a shadow fell o'er our way;
And I linked my fate with some one else,
And she is my wife to-day.

Long years have passed, and but few regrets
Have lingered around my heart,
For the wife I have wed is good and true,
And acts a womanly part.
I dare not think I had happier been
With the sweet first-love of my youth,
For she I have wed is a treasure of grace,
And has served me with love and truth.

But the face that I saw in the streets to-night
In my soul such dreams has stirred,

That I shrink before my wife's kind gaze,
And am stung by each tender word ;
And the children who troop around my knee
And deem me so good and wise,
Little reck of the thoughts that trouble me,
Or the tears that bedim my eyes.

Were my old love wed, well then, perhaps,
All these thoughts I could soon dissipate,
And yet, had her fate so designed it, I fear,
The man she had wed I should hate.
Can her heart have been true to the past,
While mine has fresh anchorage sought ?
I must not think that, lest a breach
In the peace of my home should be wrought.

How would it have been had we wed ?
Should I happier be, or would she ?
God knows; but this truth I am bound to confess,
My wife is a dear and a true wife to me.
'Tis not from what might have been but from what is
That we now have to gather delight,
And yet, my old love, not the wife of my heart,
Will be first in my dreams to-night.

TOPICAL.

THE editor looked weary as he wriggled in his chair ;
He stamped his foot, and bit his nails, and shook his flowing hair ;
A leader he had got to write ; no time was there to spare,—
But not a single topic could he fish up anywhere.

He looked through all the telegrams, in hope of finding news
On which he might grow eloquent, and ventilate his views ;
He sighed for some big accident, some loss of ships and crews,
Or, better still, some grave mistake committed by the Blues.

He wished to heap abuse upon some person or some thing,
To eulogise or stigmatise some statesman or some king ;
He longed to lash some enemy or friendly praises sing,—
It mattered not whate'er it was, so he could have his fling.

But all his search was profitless, and nothing could be done,
No fortress had been taken, not a battle had been won,
Not an outrage or a strike, not a fresh spot on the sun,
There wasn't e'en a show'r of frogs at which to poke his fun.

He asked each brave reporter as with "copy" he came in,
If anything had happened on which leader he could spin ;
They only told of tea-fights, and of people robbed of "tin,"
And paltry things of which to hear he didn't care a pin.

He tore his hair and beat his breast, and would have gone insane,
Had not a bold sub-editor rushed on him to explain
The great sea-serpent had appeared upon the Spanish Main.
The editor embraced that "sub," and was himself again.

JIM'S LETTER.

WHAT's this? A letter throo Jim?
God bless him! What hez he to say?
Here, Lizzie, my een's gettin' dim,
Just read it, lass, reyt straight away.
Thah tremmals. Liz ; what is ther up?
Abaht thy awn cousin tha sew'rlee can read!
His ways varry oft hez made bitter my cup—
But theer—I forgive him—read on—nivver heed!

That's it—*as it leaves me at present*'—
His father's expression to nowt!
Go on, lass, t' beginnin's so pleasant.
It couldn't be mended wi' owt.

What's that? He has *'sent a surprise?*
What is't, lass? Go on! a new gahn I'll be bun,
Or happen a nugget o' famous gurt size; –
Whativver it is it's t' best thing under t' sun.

Ay, lad, ah-dar-say, *'life is rough,'*
For t' best on't is nut varry smooth,
I' England it's hilly enough,
Nivver name wi' them diggers uncouth.
Bud thear, Liz, be sharp an' let's hev his surprise,—
I'm capt whear thah's gotten that stammerin' cough,
Thah reads a deal better nor that when ta tries—
Good gracious! what's t' matter? Shoo's fainted reyt off!

Hay, Lizzie, thah flays ma; come here,
An' sit whear thah'll get some fresh air;
Thah'rt lewkin' so bad 'at I fear
Thah's much war nor I wor aware.
That's reyt, lass, get tul it once more,
Just read reyt to t' end on't, an' then
We'll just tak' a walk for a bit aght o' t' door,
Whol thah feels raythor more like thysenn

What! Bless us! ahr Jim gotten wed!
It *is* a surprise, on my word!
Who is sha? That's all 'at he's said?
I wish then I nivver hed heard.
At one time I thowt happen thee he'd admire,
An' that's hah we all sud hev liked it to be—
Bud, si' thee! What's that, Liz, 'at's burnin' on t' fire?
It's t' ribbin Jim bowt tha!—Ay, ay, lass, I see.

JOSEPH DUFTY.

JOSEPH DUFTY was born in Sheffield in the year 1842, a time when the saying held true that from every street and lane you could catch a glimpse of the green hills that surround it. At the Lancastrian Schools he gained the rudiments of his education, but fell under the schoolmaster's displeasure for copying Longfellow and Wordsworth before he had learned to form his letters in a satisfactory manner. Being early called upon to assist in his father's business, he attended the night classes at the School of Art for several sessions, but afterwards became an earnest student at the People's College. During this period his duty took him one day each week through several of the neighbouring villages, which journeys afforded him ample opportunity for a desultory study of poetry and medicine under the genial influence of nature. In 1867 he began business in his native town as a homœopathic chemist, which he still follows. About 1872 he became assistant to the popular homœopathic physician, Dr. Ruddock, with a view to entering the medical profession. In addition to his medical duties, he was also literary assistant, and sub-editor of the *Homœopathic World*. Before joining Dr. Ruddock he had contributed to the pages of the *Homœopathic World*, and published a volume entitled "The Village Inn, A Blighted Life, and other Poems," Sheffield: Pawson

and Brailsford, which was very favourably noticed by the English and some Scotch newspapers. One poem, "In the Gloamin," was highly commended by the Rev. George Gilfillan, and has since been published as a song, with music by David Martin. In addition to the volume mentioned, various contributions in prose and verse have appeared in newspapers and periodicals, and he has ready for the press a second volume, entitled, "The Skylark, my Beautiful Hilda May, and other Poems," dealing with the mystery of death, the immortality of the soul, and the workings of Divine Providence. From the minor poems of this volume we present our readers with the spirited lyric, "The Battle of the West," and the verses, "Farewell in thy Beauty," which breathe the deep love of nature inseparable from the poetic faculty.

THE BATTLE OF THE WEST.

(Between Rodney and De Grasse.)

It was the twelfth of April,—
An ever glorious day!—
For we had got the weather gage
And brought the French to bay.
We recked not of their larger guns,
But, eager for the fight,
Bore down upon their giant ships
As soon as it was light.

Bold Rodney was our admiral,—
A braver man than he
Ne'er set his foot upon the deck,
Or sailed across the sea.

Nor was De Grasse a coward foe:
All day he scorned to fly,
And boldly gave us blow for blow
Until the night was nigh.

Full soon we close: a thousand guns
Speak from their brazen lips;
From fleet to fleet the thunder runs,
The sun is in eclipse.
The smoke hangs round us like a fog,
Through which our lightnings flash;
The sea lies lifeless as a log:
The spars and timbers crash.

From seven o'clock that April morn
We played a merry tune;
We laughed the smoky fog to scorn
Until the height of noon.
Then came a breeze across the waves
That bore the fog away;
Our brazen lips were pointed home
And louder grew the fray.

Full bravely fought the foeman then,
Although his line was broke;
"Now follow me, my merry men;"
'Twas thus the signal spoke,
The Formidable led the van
Before the rising wind,
The Namur, Duke and Canada
Wore bravely close behind.

Hurrah! The Frenchman's line we pierce,
And double on his fleet;
But long he strives with courage fierce
To ward off the defeat.

The light of day begins to fail
Before the foemen yield ;
Reluctantly, and grumbling yet,
They strive to quit the field.

At length the shouts "They yield !" "They fly !"
From ship to ship extend,
Our cheers re-echo to the sky,
And the far welkin rend !
The sun, now sinking to his rest,
Proclaims our victory.
He pours his glory from the West
O'er all the sky and sea.

Hurrah ! the Glorieux is ta'en,
The Ville de Paris' ours—
The finest ship upon the main,
O'er all the rest she towers.
The Cæsar and the Hector fall,
Both noble seventy-fours,
And minor ships and Admiral
We carry to our shores.

FAREWELL IN THY BEAUTY.

FAREWELL in thy beauty, full soon I shall leave thee ;
Full soon I shall leave thee, no more to return.
I loved thee in sunshine, I loved thee in darkness,
Each valley and woodland and wandering burn,
I loved the wild grandeur of mountain and moorland,
I love the green carpet of grass on the lea,
But soon, ah ! too soon, in thy sweetness I leave thee,
Farewell in thy beauty, fair Bride of the Sea.

Each flow'r thou has nourished, each bud and each blossom,
That night in her silence has jewelled with tears,
The reeds by the river, the wild purple heather,
The trees of the forest sublime in their years ;
Thy crags and thy caverns, thy lone mossy dingles,
Where troutletted fountains sing low in their glee,—
But soon, ah ! too soon, in thy sweetness I leave thee,
Farewell in thy beauty, fair Bride of the Sea.

The troops of gay minstrels that minister to thee,
In field and in wildwood and in the blue sky,
Are dear to my heart as the starlight above me,
Or evening's bright pageant of clouds rolling by ;
Thy boulders and mosses and silver grey lichens
And e'en thy rude rocks are as friends unto me,
But soon, ah ! too soon, in thy sweetness I leave thee,
Farewell in thy beauty, fair Bride of the Sea.

BEN PRESTON.

THIS popular poet was born at Bradford, on August 19th, 1819. His father was a wool-sorter, and he was apprenticed to the same trade. In the columns of the *Bradford Observer* his first poem was published, during the period of his apprenticeship. He left Bradford in 1865, and erected a house at Bingley. In 1876 he disposed of that property, and bought a piece of land near the village of Eldwick and built a house upon it; he has since made it his home. It was not until 1872 that a volume of his verses was issued. His old friend, Abraham Holroyd, of Saltaire, published it under the title of "The Dialect Poems of Benjamin Preston." It was prefaced with an interesting notice of the author by John Emanuel Preston, and the same article appears in William Smith's "Old Yorkshire," vol. II., but is incorrectly ascribed to another writer. The poems form the theme of a paper in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Yorkshire Oddities." He says "Mr. Preston is no oddity, but a very remarkable man, whose poems deserve to be better known and more widely read than they are." Another volume of his verses appeared in 1881, under the title of "Dialect and other Poems." London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Bradford: T. Brear. It is a work of great merit, and the press and the

public gave it a welcome reception. It must be regarded as a valuable addition to Yorkshire literature. Mr. Preston writes excellent prose sketches, and frequently contributes to publications issued at Bradford.

COME TO THY GRONNY. DOY.

Come to thy gronny, doy, come to thy gronny,
Bless tha, to me tha'rt as pratty as onny;
Mutherlass barn of a dowter unwed,
Little tha knaws, doy, the tears 'at I've shed;
Trials I've knawn boath for t' heart an' for t' heead,
Shortnass o' wark, ey, an' shortnass o' breead.

Thease I could bide, bud thau tha'rt noan to blame,
Bless tha, tha browt ma boath sorra an' shame;
Gronny, poar sowl, for a two month ur moar
Hardly could feshun to lewk aht o' t' doar;
T'nabors called aht to me, "Dunnot stand that,
Aht wi' that hussy an' aht wi' her brat."

Deary me, deary me, what could I say?
T'furst thing of all I thowt—let ma go pray;
T'next time I slept I'd a dream, d'ye see,
Ey! an' I knew 'at that dream wor for me—
Tears of Christ Jesus, I saw 'em that neet,
Fall drop by drop on to one at his feet.

After that, saw Him wi' barns rahnd His knee,
Some on 'em, happen, poar craters like thee;
Says I at last, though I soarly wor tried,
Suarly a sinner, a sinner sud bide;
Nabors may think or may say what they will,
T'mother an' t' dowter sal stop wi' ma still.

Come on't what will, i' my cot they sal cahr,
Woe be to them 'at maks bad into wahr :
Some fowk may call tha a name 'at I hate,
Wishin' fro' t' heart tha wor weel aht o' t' gate,
Oft this hard world into t' gutter al shuv tha,
Poar little lamb, wi' no daddy to love tha.

Dunnot thee freeat, doy, whol gronny hods up,
Nivver sal tha want a bite or a sup :
What if I work thease owd fingurs to t' boan,
Happen tha'll love ma long after I'm goan ;
T'last bite i' t' cubbord wi' thee I could share't,
Hay ! bud tha's stown a rare slice o' my heart.

Spite of all t' sorra, all't shame at I've seen,
Sunshine comes back to my heart thru thy een ,
Cuddle thy gronny, doy,
Bless tha, tha'rt bonny, doy,
Rosy an' sweet fro' thy brah to thy feet,
Kingdoms an' crahns wodn't buy tha to-neet.

T'OWD PSALM TUNE.

SOME cowks warmed my knees wi' ther dull red heat
When I'd swallud my milk an' pobs,
Soa tlois up to t' fender ah pooled my seeat
An' ah planted my fit on t' hobs.

Then leetin' my short black pipe, ah swung
Reyt back i' my owd arm chair,
An' ah sat watchin' t' reek as it raze an' hung
Like a sperit i' t' midneet air.

Sister Mally an' t' barns wor asleep upstairs—
Thear wor peeass wi' that blatin' crew—
So ah smoked an' ah thowt o' my wasted years,
An' o' t' wark 'at wor yit to due.

As ah lewkt at this life an' at t' life to be,
Ah said to mysen, " Tha ass !
Wi' comfort tha nauther can live nor dee,
For tha's saved nauther sowl nor brass."

Then spyin' owd Sattan astride o' t' clahd
'At wor hung under t' chamer flooar,
Ah doubled my neive an' said, " Hark tha, lad,
Ah'll be diddled wi' thee no mooar ;

" If my sins be like leead, an' like cork purse,
Wah, thear's noab'dy bud thee to thenk ;
Bud when t' world's a wick owder, tha gernin' curse,
I'se hev been boath to t' Church an' to t' Benk."

Then some minnits passed ovver me, sad an' dree,
An' my thowts grew as dark as t' neet,
When some drucken owd hals 'at hed been on t' spree
Com' singin' like mad up t' street.

Wi' ther hands an' ther fit they kept beatin' t' time
As ther arms into t'air wor flung,
Ey ! an' t' words of a godless an' silly rhyme
Tuv an owd psalm tune they sung.

Hay ! the times 'at ah've joined i' that grand owd air,
When owd friends at my side wor seen,
When my life wor a sunshiny haliday,
An' this wizand owd world wor green.

I' t' leet of a sun 'at hes long sin' set
Ah see t' chapel on Primrose Brah,
An' what friends on a Sabbath day theer hes met
'At for ivver is pairted nah.

They come an' they smile an' away they pass,
Bud they awlus leave one i' view—
A poar little fatherless country lass,
'At once sat i' t' singers' pew.

One calm summer neet as we sang t' last hymn
Shoo lewkt i' my faas reyt hard ;
An' her lips wor white an' her een wor dim
When ah joined her i' t' chapel yard.

An' shoo said to ma, "Ben, ah feel faint an' ill,
Tha mun gie ma thy arm, owd lad ;"
An' shoo whispered some words 'at ah think on still,
For they made ma reyt prahd and dlad.

Soa ah helpt her wi' care ovver rail an' stile,
Whol we gate tuv her garden door,
Then shoo held ma by t' hand sich a long, long while—
An' ah saw her alive no moar.

Well, this world gets as cowd an' as hard as steel,
An' at times ah feel fain shoo's deead,
For shoo'd hard to slave at her loom an' wheel
For a morsil o' honist breead.

Moar nur twenty year shoo's been deead an' goan
Bud wheerivver ma lot may be,
When t'hahse is all wisht an' ah'm left aloan,
Shoo awlus comes back to me.

Ah've wished 'at ah'd tell'd her by t' gardin dooar
Hah deep wor my love an' trew,
For her friends, poor lass, they wor fehw an' pooar—
Bud no matter, ah think shoo knew.

Hay ? if ivver ah get to yond place aboon,
Wheer ah long i' ma heart to be,
Just to hear her once moar sing that owd psalm tune
Al be heaven of itseln to me.

THE REDBREAST.

On the yellow spray
He, like the white-haired prophet, sits alone,
A mourner among ruins, thro' the day
Making melodious moan.

While the wintry rime
Falls on his wings, the lone, last minstrel pours
Wild fitful farewells to the sunny time,
Low requiems o'er the flowers.

Or, on lowly sheds
Thou sittest, voiceless with unmeasured woe,
While o'er the cold dead summer, winter spreads
A winding sheet of snow.

Give thy sorrow scope,
Or from the frozen bough or withered leaf
Speak soothingly, in whispers such as Hope
Breathes in the ears of Grief.

Sing the coming hours,
The warm, glad sheen of living spring fortell,
When happy children, laden with bright flowers,
Return from brook and dell.

So, thro' life's dull years,
The soul's unlovely winter, I from thee
May draw some solace, and thro' mists and tears
Gaze on the bright *to be*.

THOMAS NORMINGTON.

THE following account of the career of Thomas Normington, a promising Keighley poet, is drawn from an interesting sketch written by his tutor, Mr. C. D. Hardcastle. He says: Thomas Normington was born at Stockbridge, Keighley, August 1st, 1843. He was of a delicate constitution, and died of consumption in the 22nd year of his age. He was a youth of some promise, and, had his health and life been continued, would probably have done himself credit as a writer both of prose and poetry. His brother, in a letter written soon after his death, in 1865. says, "He was always an ardent lover of nature, and nothing gave him more pleasure than a ramble through green pastures and shady groves, or over the wild romantic moors abounding in the neighbourhood. As he grew older, the beautiful and sublime in nature became one of his chief studies. He was never weary of admiring the varied views the landscape presented, as some of his poems show. None of nature's beauties was too mean for notice and admiration. From the huge grey mountain to the smooth small pebble, the majestic forest king to the starlit daisy, the broad-fathomed ocean to the silver streamlet, the clear and placid lake or pearly drop of dew—each was full of instruction, and an object of admiration. His intense love of flowers remained as long as life." In May, 1858, he

was apprenticed as a pupil-teacher in the Keighley Wesleyan Day School, and here he soon distinguished himself in the preparation and repetition of his lessons. Having a quick and retentive memory, he readily apprehended difficult problems, and could write an abstract of several pages of history after reading them once. His imaginative powers were extraordinary, and he was able to express his thoughts freely in writing. His first prose articles were written as composition exercises, and several of them were afterwards inserted as contributions to the *Keighley Visitor*, a monthly periodical in which all his printed pieces appeared. Having obtained a Queen's Scholarship at the Christmas examination of 1863, Mr. Normington entered the Training College at Westminster in January, 1864, and at once took a prominent position on the examination lists, especially in English composition, four of his essays being marked excellent, a value set on no other student's essays during the year. After midsummer his health began to decline, and he was obliged to omit some of his lessons and absent himself from several lectures. In November he found it necessary to return home, and after a lingering illness he died on the 28th of April, 1865. The poem entitled "The Voice of the Flowers" was contributed to the *Visitor* within a few weeks of his death. His last poem, "A Song in the Night," our first selection, was written with pencil shortly before his death, when too feeble to use pen and ink :—

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I am sitting in the firelight,
  While around a shadowy train
Flits, as dreamy thoughts are flitting
  Through the chambers of my brain :

Sitting lonely by the embers,
As my heart sits in my breast,
Talking with the ghostly shadows
And the grief that will not rest.

Sitting in the dreamy firelight,
While the roseate embers glow,
Flashing lightly as my hopes did,
In the golden long ago.—
Flashing lightly, sinking sadly,
Waning, dying one by one;
And my heart sits by the embers,
While the mortal night wears on.

I am sitting in the firelight,
Dreaming of the after-time:
Dreaming dreams I may not utter
In the feeble words of rhyme;
Thinking of the coming dawning,
When the night hath passed away;
And my ghostly train of shadows
Shall have vanished, and for aye.

Sitting in the dreamy firelight,
Tasting of a dreamy joy,
Building castles in the embers
As I did when still a boy—
Flashing lightly, sinking sadly,
Fading, crumbling, one by one,
I shall rise from out the ashes
At the rising of the sun.

Sitting in the fading firelight,
Thus I pass the night away,
Waiting through the weary watches
For the dawning of the day;

Waiting for the hopes that die not,
And the joys that shall not flee;
Mingling dreams of that which hath been
Still with that which is to be.

Sitting in the dying firelight,
Still the shadows come and go:
Still the ghostly train is dancing—
Dancing, flitting, to and fro;
And the mystic spell unbroken,
Holds my willing heart in thrall,
While my thoughts are weirdly flitting,
Like the shadows on the wall.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

Seek ye the beautiful—seek ye the free,
Seek ye the pure and the true;
Then come to the woodlands, away with me,
And the flowers shall answer you.
Is your heart aweary with toil and strife?
Is the hope within you dead?
O come to the fields where the verdant life
Of the wealthy year is shed.

The voice of the flowers is soft and low,
And shall soothe the heart's unrest,
While around you the radiant colours glow,
Like the joys within the breast.
In beauteous characters—pure and bright,
Our Father His love hath told,
In the glistening hue of silvery white,
And the sheen of sparkling gold.

The rose is for love - so the poets say—
Young love in his burning prime ;
Then taste of his honeyed breath, ye that may,
Ere cometh his fading time.
O rose of the summer, O emblem sweet,
Of the sweetest draught of bliss,
That the weary spirits of mortals meet
In a world of woe like this!

And the lily—the lady of the vale,
The queen of the flowers is she ;
With her graceful form and her cheek so pale,
Like the spirit of purity.
O I would not pluck thee, mystical flower,
So tender, and pure, and sweet ;
For thy beauty would lose its spell of power,
Away from this wild retreat.

But the flower I love—that most I love,
Is a flower of hardy mien ;
It lights up the shade of the woodland grove,
And thrives in the cottage green :
O the peerless blue of its laughing eye,
With never a cloud or blot :
'Tis the flower for which the absent sigh—
The cherished " Forget-me-not."

Then weave ye a garland, but put not in
The leaves of the adonis ;
But the amaranth and the eglantine,
And the honey flower of bliss ;—
And blend ye the ivy and the hawthorn still,
The mint and the laurel, too—
And throw in your king-cups, too, if ye will,
While I add a sprig of *Yew!*

GEORGE ACKROYD.

Mr. George Ackroyd, J.P., was born at Dudley Hill, Bowling, Bradford, on the 16th of February, 1819. On the 7th of July, 1827, the Bradford Banking Company was established, and the late Samuel Laycock became the Manager. Four years afterwards, on the 4th of July, 1831, young George Ackroyd, then in his 12th year, entered the service of the Company in the capacity of errand boy or messenger. From this humble position he rose to be clerk, and afterwards cashier. On the death of Mr. Laycock, he was promoted to the responsible position of Manager, which office he filled until the 1st of July, 1881. He then asked leave of the Directors to retire from active duty, and to this wish they kindly acceded. It will thus be seen that he was in the service of the Bradford Banking Company for the long period of fifty years.

It was during these years that Bradford made such rapid strides towards commercial pre-eminence. From being a small, though lively, second-rate town, Bradford rose to be the centre of the worsted, woollen, mohair, and alpaca trades, with all their attendant industries. In 1821 the population of what is now the Borough of Bradford was less than 27,000; whereas in 1881, there were nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and the villages around Bradford had made an almost

equal advance in numbers; and it has been computed that during some of the more prosperous years, not less than twenty millions sterling of money changed hands in Bradford annually. These facts alone will serve to show what a vast amount of care and anxiety must attach to the office of a Bank Manager in such a place as Bradford. Yet Mr. George Ackroyd came out of it all with a character unblemished, and with a name honourable for probity and integrity. On his retirement he was requested to attend the Board Meetings of the Directors to give his advice, and he consented to do so. He was also appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of York to the office of Justice of the Peace, but we are not aware that he has ever taken his seat on the Bench.

Mr. Ackroyd is a member of many of the committees of the Charitable Institutions of Bradford, and an active worker in connection with the Hospital for Sick Children. His universal love and charity towards all and his kindliness of heart are proverbial; and it may be said of him without boasting, that there is not a man in Bradford more respected than he is by all parties in politics, and by men of all shades of belief in religion.

During his long and active life he has been particularly attached to literature, and to the company of persons of literary proclivities. Amongst some whom he has known and esteemed, may be mentioned the late Charles Cowden Clarke, Thomas Wright, F.S.A., John James, F.S.A.; also Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire Poet, and many others. Ever since his youth, he has been used to put some of his thoughts into verse, which is both homely and genial; for

he has much of the spirit of good old George Herbert, the Christian poet, in him. The three specimens given were written in early life, in middle age, and the last quite recently.

CONTENT.

"Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest."
GEORGE HERBERT.

WHILE others strive how rich to be,
I'm happy in my humble way,
With only clothes to cover me,
And food sufficient for the day.

I care not for their boasted gain,
They lose their hearts amidst it all;
Give me but health, I'll not complain,
With books to read, and friends to call.

I'll labour with a mind at ease,
From envy and ambition free;
And, pleased myself, will strive to please,
All such as choose my company.

And when my sun descends the sky,
And sinks into the fading West,
Cheerful, I'll fix my hopes on high,
And still feel happy, still feel blest.

For faith and virtue, these alone
Can make my day pass sweetly o'er;
Can cheer the night when day is gone,
And make me happy evermore.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

(In Imitation of Pope.)

HAPPY the man beyond compare,
Whose life is one continued round
Of duty sanctified by prayer,
And so kept sound.

Content to live without pretence,
And earn whate'er his needs require ;
An honest name, with competence,
All his desire.

With books more than with men acquaint,
And by his friends scarce understood ;
No worldling, no, nor yet a saint,
But simply good.

Free from anxiety and strife,
And sheltered by domestic love—
Such be my uneventful life,
If Heaven approve.

AN IDYLL

Composed during an Afternoon Walk to Great Brickhill, Bucks.

BENEATH an almost cloudless sky,
I wander silently and slow ;
While Nature with a gentle sigh,
Sheds russet leaves the way I go—
Reminding me that soon I must
Like them be mingled with the dust.

No more the birds chant merry strains,
Half hidden in their leafy bowers ;
The brood dispers'd—the nest remains,

The mould'ring home of happy hours.
So youth and manhood have their day,
Mature, and fade, and pass away.

And yet how bright is their decline.
The leaves hang rustling on the boughs ;
O ! be their autumn radiance mine,
Ere come the winter frost and snows—
And when at length my day is done,
Be mine the glow of yonder sun !

FRANCIS BUCHANAN.

FRANCIS BUCHANAN, the author of "Sparks from Sheffield Smoke," is a native of Perth, where he was born in March, 1825. His life presents few features of special interest. Educated at the Kinnoul School; he ran away from home at the age of fifteen, with the desire to become a sailor, but he was brought back, and, to his aversion, bound apprentice to a draper. After various changes, he married and settled in Sheffield, where he still remains. He had always a strong love of poetry, and indulged in occasional composition, but the cares of business damped his poetic ardour. Since a recent accident largely incapacitated him from labour, his devotion to the muse has revived, and in 1882 his small volume, dedicated to Mr. J. Dufty, was published, its sale amounting to nearly 800 copies. Since then he has contributed to local and Scotch newspapers.

IN THE DEEP, DEEP WOOD.

I KNOW a nook in the deep green wood,
  Of old Nature's own creating,
Where Echo mocks in the solitude
  The songs that the birds are making—
In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
  When the forest heads are shaking.

In this lonely place, away from care,
Where the wild rose has its dwelling,
Where the timid deer and gamesome hare
Their loves and their fears are telling—
In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
Where the crystal streams are welling.

'Tis sweet to muse in the noontide hour,
When the silent ray is streaming
Thro' the leafy roof of the scented bower,
As the nodding oaks are dreaming,
In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
Where the hyacinths are gleaming.

'Tis a holy place, this pathless dell,
Where the choral-birds are singing—
Where the woodbines cling to the rocky cell,
And the flowers their sweets are flinging ;
In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
Where the glades with joy are ringing.

In the twilight time of declining day,
When the faint-puls'd breeze is sighing,
The golden clouds and the evening grey
Spin a robe for the god who is dying ;
And the solitude of the deep, deep wood
Sings low where the shades are lying.

'Tis sweet to be in the silence there,
As the mellow'd light is blending
With the ether arc of the dark blue air,
When the star-lamps their rays are lending
To the solitude of the deep, deep wood
As the dew to the flow'rs is descending.

MISS ELSIE M. LUSH.

MISS ELSIE M. LUSH for some years has been a constant contributor of poetry and prose to the pages of the *Yorkshireman*. She has also enriched with her versatile and pleasing pen the special holiday issues of that popular publication, and has written prize poems for the *Bradford Observer Budget*. Miss Lush was born at Manningham, Bradford, on the 6th of February, 1862. The first piece we quote is from a series of charming verses entitled "Poems of Yorkshire:"

ROCHE ABBEY.

To a valley green embowered,
Sentinelled by limestone gray,
Just when Nature's hand had showered
Prodigal her gifts of May,
Came a band of Pilgrim friars at the closing of the day.

Sunset tints of rose were falling
Every leaf and branch across;
Suddenly the strangers' calling
Echoed loud as if in loss;
In the fractured crag before them lay Christ stretched upon the cross.

As the sun in golden glory
Shed a nimbus round the head,
And, so runs the monkish story,
Hands and feet were tinged with red,
Slowly spake the holy figure—"Here ye raise my church," it said.

Softly then the vision faded,
But its bidding was fulfilled;
Maltby's lord the brothers aided,
Gave the land whereon to build.
So they raised a stately abbey as the holy Christ had willed.

And at evening time the singing
Floated up the valley fair,
Vesper psalms and curfew ringing
Vibrating upon the air,
Until man and nature mingled into harmony of prayer.

Through the glades where deer had bounded,
Fearless hares each other chased,
Monk and abbot's converse sounded
As the velvet sward they faced,
Shaded by the verdant arches of the lindens interlaced.

Centuries have swiftly fleeted,
Ruined is the sacred pile
That erstwhile the vision greeted,
Fretted canopy and aisle;
Only nature in the valley looks up with her ancient smile.

Still a bygone glory lingers,
Haunting all the hoary place,
And in spite of Time's cold fingers,
Dimly we its outline trace,
Half expecting in the meantime to behold some abbot's face,

Now the only incense rising
Is the incense of the flowers,
And the larks, the matins prizing,
Sing them still in morning hours,
While a choral strain at vespers rings through all the leafy bowers.

So I thought, while mutely gazing
On the ruins old and gray,
Everything around me raising
Peans to the glorious day,
"Time and honours, joy and sorrow, just as this shall pass away."

THE BITTER CRY.

From the heart of each great city,
Throbbing high, nor knowing pity,
Loud it comes;
From each fever-haunted dwelling
High that cry of woe is swelling
In the slums:

"Hear us, O you happy hearted!
Light and joy have long departed
From our life,
All the poisoned air is groaning,
Pallid lips are mutely moaning
'Death or strife.'

"Think you, racked with hunger-madness,
We can snatch from life the gladness,
Bless the giver,
While our youth has nought remaining
But the deadly, sinful gaining,
Or the river?

"Far away the woods are waking,
And the drifted clouds are breaking
O'er the pines;
Leaves and grass with dew are glinting,
And the sun, each hill top tinting,
Softly shines.

"From the moorland streams are gushing,
Through the plains the rivers rushing
Wide and free;
Shafts of light on sands are flashing,
Wavelets 'gainst the shore are splashing,
By the sea.

"Here the days are leaden weighted,
Little children, sorely fated,
Jump and play,
Knowing neither bud nor flower,
Happy romping, hour by hour,
In the hay.

"Does your parson, smoothly preaching
Of the Master and his teaching,
Bid you seek
Kinship with the sad and weary,
Gild the days so long and dreary
Of the weak?

"Sneering at our imitations,
Do you mark the limitations
Of our fate?
Sin and want for ever lurking
Near us still, despite our working
Soon and late.

"Could you see the bitter anguish
And despair of those who languish
Day by day,
Half the misery and aching
You would not without heart breaking
Turn away."

JOHN HALL.

JOHN HALL, whose native modesty leads him almost invariably to withold his name when his poems are printed, was born in 1824 on the banks of the Derbyshire Derwent. Borne upon the tide which ever flows from the rural districts to the large towns, he settled in Sheffield, where he still carries on a successful business. In his teens he began to contribute, in both prose and verse, to the magazines and newspapers, his first essay being published in "Eliza Cook's Journal," for which she sent him two guineas, which he prized greatly, not, as he says, for the sake of the money, but for the honour; and his initials, J. H. J. (John Hall, Junior), still appear from time to time under his effusions. In 1877, he published "Thoughts and Sketches," a small volume in verse, but, with characteristic reserve, for "private circulation only."

"MY RIVER."

(The Derbyshire Derwent.)

THE river I love is a changeable one.
Like a lovely woman with will of her own,
Fickle and fair, and inconstant ever,
Seldom the same for two minutes together;
Yet in all her tempers and moods and ways
Beautiful always, where'er she strays;

And, though I have followed her half a life,
In shade and shine, in storm and strife,
In all her wandering up and down
Through cowslip meadow or moorland brown,
I love her as much in my manhood's prime
As I did in my youthful, gushing time!

Sometimes she will stray like a wayward child,—
Through rocky glens or woodlands wild,
Tumbling and foaming with noise and spray
As though impatient to bound away;—
Turning a summersault here and there,
As she leaps down a fall, a cascade, or weir;
And then as she comes to a smoother bed
Where the rounded pebbles are thickly spread,
Checking her speed and impetuous course,
As she kisses each stone with a gentle force,
And laughs and ripples, and sighs and sings,
As she trifles and toys with a hundred things;—
Till the pastime o'er, and the shallows run—
For awhile she is grave and shy as a nun.

Now in a deep and silent still,
Beside a wooded and sloping hill,
She lingers fondly, and seems to sleep,
While the trees above her a vigil keep;—
Whose waving boughs and forms of grace
Are mirror'd upon her glassy face,
While joyous birds with continuous strain
Sing over her couch a sweet refrain;
And wild flowers, clustering thick and rank,
Waft their perfume from bank to bank,
And here and there in a shady nook,
The angler looks on and baits his hook;

This is the mood I love her in best,—
Calm and serene as a child at rest.

And then sometimes on a summer's day
As through green meadows she winds her way,
And seems so happy. and lazy, and still,
(Almost too lazy to turn the mill),
When a thunderstorm breaking overhead
Will rouse her at once from her peaceful bed;
And she will suddenly swell with rage,
And on all around fierce war will wage,
And froth. and foam, and tear along
Like a furious amazon swift and strong,
O'erflowing banks and uprooting trees,
And whirling their trunks about with ease;
Reckless of beauty and joy and life
In the passionate rage of her sudden strife!

. . . .

You ask, do I love her in this wild mood?
This roaring torrent and turbid flood?
Oh yes—for I know when her temper's o'er
What a rich reward she will have in store,
And soon, as she gently settles down,
And her foam subsides to an amber brown,
How the trout will rise to my tempting fly
When the sun shines forth from to-morrow's sky,
And I shall have sport that will well repay
Many a bad and unlucky day.
Yes—yes I love her in every mood,—
My river she is—in calm or flood;
And when I no longer can cast a fly
I'll love her for sake of the days gone by.

JOHN T. BEER, F.R.S.L.

NEARLY twenty-five years have passed since Mr. Beer issued for private circulation a collection of his minor poems. This was followed in 1861, by "The Prodigal," which was favourably noticed by the local press. For example, the *Leeds Times*, a paper that has had amongst its editors such notable men as Robert Nicoll, the poet, and Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of 'Self-Help,' spoke thus of Mr. Beer's book; "It is not too much to say that Mr. Beer has followed the narrative of the Parable with considerable success, and has employed the language of the Sacred Book—when he has occasion to quote it—very judiciously. Some portions of the dialogue evidence a careful and systematic course of reading; and the description of the Prodigal's dissolute career in Egypt, and other parts of the poem we might name, are well and carefully written." Nine years later he published an epic poem under the title of "Creation," the *Leeds Express* describing it as the most meritorious work issued in Leeds for some time past. Another reviewer said, "The poem is extraordinary in the best sense of the word, its grandeur and awfulness of subject demanding no little ability of treatment to acquit the writer of presumptuous boldness; such treatment is certainly displayed, and Mr. Beer's temerity is amply justified by well-merited success. We are not aware that science and the muse have been

linked in such fair embrace since the days of Dr. Darwin." His next volume was "The Prophet of Nineveh," published in 1877. It is a drama of considerable merit, and the critical press accorded it a flattering reception. The *Yorkshire Post*, said: "Both metre and matter are excellent reading. The story of Jonah is one which not only permits the author to give evidence of careful Biblical and historical reading, but also enables him to draw, as he does, freely upon the resources of classic fiction, in order to embellish his poetic narrative." Respecting this volume, *Public Opinion* spoke of "the undoubted dramatic power which illuminates many of its scenes and characters—the nobility and purity of sentiment embodied in this poem. The character of Jonah is drawn with firmness and fineness of touch. Many of the descriptive passages, such as the storm and the allusions to Oceana, remind us of Virgil."

Mr. Beer has contributed poetry and prose to several periodicals, including *The Sunday Magazine*, *Yorkshire Magazine*, *Country Words*, and other serials. The *Scholastic Annual*, edited by William Andrews, of Hull, contains a poem from his prolific pen, under the title of "Christmas Bells." He is a scientific student, and has written and lectured on "Human Physiology," "The Theory of Solar Absorption," "Comets," "Changes in the Coast-line of Kent," "Motions of the Moon," "Solar Physics," etc., etc. tory and antiquities he takes a deep interest, and since s been a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, Scot- He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, member of a number of local literary and scientific

associations. We gather from an interesting notice of him in the *Biograph* for 1882 that all his studies and pursuits have been followed during the very brief time to be spared from the conduct of large businesses in three of the principal towns of the north, and which could only have been done by never wasting time, either in business, by travelling, or at home, many of his poems and other similar works being written in the trains. Mr. Beer was born at Whitstable in 1825, but has resided in Yorkshire for nearly forty years. He commenced business on his own account in Leeds, in 1857, the West Riding capital being suggested to him by his friend for many years, the late Rev. William Morley Punshon, D.D. It was at Leeds that he commenced the literary career which has made his name so widely known. The story of his life would form a capital chapter for works like "Men who have Risen," and "Self-Help."

We give the following specimens of his poetry from a large collection of verses now ready for issue in a volume :—

THE BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sunshine,—how fragile and fair,
Fluttering so blithely in bright balmy air ;
Expressing its gladness
By frolicsome madness ;—
In and out, round about, hither and thither,
There it goes on the rose, now, who knows whither ?

Born in obscurity, raised from the earth
To a brief life of beauty and gay sunny mirth,
It spends its short being
In tasting and seeing
All it meets of the sweets of nectarine flowers,
As it reels and it wheels through the labyrinth bowers.

It shakes off the dust from its powdered wings,
While struggling aloft on those gold spotted things,
With a soul that aspires
To the realm of the choirs
Which on high fill the sky with warbling song,
While riding and gliding on the breezes along.

It sits on the daisy, or swings on the grass,
Where zephyrs trip lightly and grasshoppers pass,
Listening to their duet
As if it well knew it;
Then away, full of play, careering it flies
From the fire and the ire of its fickle loves' eyes.

The children pursuing, with caps held on high,
To capture the coveted prize ever try;
Halting and striking,
At each alighting,—
But the net empty yet,—they vacantly stare
At the flight out of sight of the bird from their snare.

Thou beautiful creature of sunshine and joy!
May no misadventure thy pleasure alloy;
Drink deep from each floweret
With nothing to sour it,—
Sweet singing, light winging thy frail life away,
While the bright summer's height yet permits thee to stay.

ROSES.

Beautiful Roses! ye are lovely and fair
As the birds that inhabit the tropical air;
Or diamonds that gleam on a matron's breast
When it heaves like the swelling of ocean's unrest;
Or the morning that smiles on the youthtime of Spring,
When earthward and skyward rich melodies ring;—
Beautiful Roses! Beautiful Roses!

Fragrant, sweet roses ! how your odours pervade
The green velvety lawns and the arboury shade ;
Full flooding the canopied temple of God
With incense, as censer ne'er scattered abroad,
When the priest or his acolyte sent the worshippers prayers
Like aëreal phantoms up its light spiral stairs ;—
Fragrant, Sweet Roses ! Fragrant, Sweet Roses !

Bright summer roses ! begotten of the sun
When in high vaulted zenith his circuits are run ;—
Kissed fondly by Zephyrus, King of the West,
And bathed in the streamlets from night's dewy breast ;—
Loved gems of the garden ye are in your pride,
Whose adorning is glorious, as for marriage the bride ;—
Bright Summer Roses ! Bright Summer Roses !

Perishing roses ! it is sad ye should die,
When your apparel lies tattered and glory passed by ;—
That the scource of your beauty should wither your charms,
And the winds that caressed ye dash down with their arms ;—
Yet such is the fate of all earth blooming joys,—
The hand that sustains is the same that destroys ;—
Perishing Roses ! Perishing Roses !

SUMMER SHADOWS.

From whence are all those murky shades
Like children born of thunder,
Escaped from where stern Death parades
His powers this fair world under ;—
Fleeing as if pursued by hounds
Of Pluto, with low baying sounds ?

Adown the valley's verdant side
They come like armies racing ;—
Now, up the bossy ascents glide,
With giant footsteps pacing ;—
Then, on the water's bright expanse
Continue their majestic dance.

How beautifully their broad wings fleck
The summer landscape over ;
So deftly sweeping hedge and beck,
The daisied mead, and clover ;—
Dusking the crowns of clumping trees.
That wave their plumes upon the breeze.

They trail their skirts o'er tower and dome,—
Frail trains of filmy gauzing ;—
With graceful bounty, where they come,
Relief and pleasure causing
To those by glaring heat opprest,
Poor weary toilers after rest.

No alp so high,—no glen so low,—
No ocean far extending,
Can check them in their silent flow,
Or give their path a bending ;—
Serene and straight they course along
Like billows of undying song.

Thus shadows are not always marks
Of Sorrow's feet and doings,
But Beauty's robe that lightly darks
Our presence mid her wooings ;—
Making the scorching road we tread
A carpet as with roses spread.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

THIS famous and worthy Yorkshireman has won a world-wide reputation, and is known as "the Poet-Preacher of America." Keighley is his native town, and he was born on the 8th of December, 1823. He commenced work when young in a factory, and was subsequently apprenticed to a blacksmith at Ilkley, a place noted for its charming scenery and rich historical associations. From the days of his boyhood he has been a diligent student. At an early age he joined the Methodists, and was a local preacher. In 1850, he went to the United States, where for some time he worked as a blacksmith at Shoemakerstown, Pennsylvania, devoting his Sundays, however, to Methodistic ministrations His views changing towards Unitarianism, he joined that body, and from 1859 to 1879 was the Minister of Unity Church, Chicago. Next he removed to New York, to occupy the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah. He is an eloquent preacher, an able lecturer, a graceful writer, and an indefatigable worker. Amongst his books may be mentioned "Nature and Life," "Life that Now Is," "The Man in Earnest," and "The Simple Truth." He frequently contributes to the magazines and newspapers, and his articles are widely quoted. In conjunction with Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, he is writing a "History of Ilkley." Several biographical sketches of Dr. Collyer have appeared, of

which the most complete perhaps, is the one in "Lays and Leaves of the Forest," by the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, published by R. Ackrill, Harrogate, though a good notice of his career is also given in a collection of his "Sermons" published by H. W. Walker, Leeds. In Professor C. F. Richardson's valuable volume, entitled: "The Choice of Books" are included some eloquent passages on Reading, by Dr. Collyer, and in "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion" he is quoted on the same theme.

We give, as an example of Dr. Collyer's poetry, the following Yorkshire story:—

UNDER THE SNOW.

It was Christmas Eve in the year 'fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,—
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When waggoner John got out his team,—
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray—
With the light in his eyes of the young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day.

To Ruth, the maid of the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest blue,—
Modest and winsome and wondrous fair;
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going?" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,—
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas Morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon,
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south!
Turn the vines against the sun!
Herds from rivers in the drouth!
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way;
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings its deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep;
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary, and falls in a pleasant sleep;

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,—
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,—
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,—
His own wife now for ever and aye.

Now read me this riddle. How Ruth should hear
That song of a heart, in the clutch of doom?
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle. How Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,—
Dying, or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! Help!" "Lost! Lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,—
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,—
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,—
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his light,
To find her there, holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then?"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,—
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years since come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed,' the dalesman cried,
By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bonnie Ruth were me great-great-grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But, how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried, with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know,
No, not if we live a hundred years."

"There's a sight o' things gan'
To the making o' man;"
Then I rushed to my play,
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

THIS popular author and journalist was born at Ovenden, near Halifax, May 17th, 1841. He commenced his literary career at an early age as a contributor of poems and sketches to the local newspapers. In 1864, he proceeded to London, and was appointed a member of the staff of the *Globe*, and was afterwards engaged on the *Echo* for eight years from the foundation of that paper. A volume of his poems was published in 1869, and it was followed by a series of literary studies, under the title of "Poets and Novelists" (1875); two years later he produced "Shelley: a Critical Biography." In 1879, his successful work, "The Life of Mr. Gladstone," was published, and in 1881 a companion volume was issued: "The Life of Mr. Bright." Both books received a flattering reception, and had a most extensive circulation, the former work being amongst the most popular of our time. A work entitled "Half-Hours with Famous Ambassadors," published in 1883, was favourably reviewed. Two novels from his ready pen have been published. He edited in two volumes, a large work, entitled, "Illustrated British Ballads," which is enriched with introductions and notes by the editor. Mr. Smith is a contributor to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and to the "National Dictionary of Biography," and has written largely for the *Edinburgh Review*, *Cornhill Magazine*, *Fort-*

nightly Review, *British Quarterly Reviw*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Academy*, *Times*, and other journals and magazines. He has gained distinction as a public lecturer, and has also artistic gifts. Some time ago he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

The following examples of his poetry cannot fail to please the reader :—

MY HERITAGE.

In close communion with the mighty dead
I pass the pleasant years;
Giving to all for laughter, laughter; dread
For dread, and tears for tears.

With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy,
Fighting I seem to be;
I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with joy,
Shout for the victory.

With Lear into the pitiless storm I go,
No friend below—above;
I weep for Juliet and her Romeo,
But ever love their love.

I pity the pure Desdemona's fate,
Mourn with the noble Moor;
But give Iago all my changeless hate,
And still it is too poor.

I see the shaggy brows of Shylock lower
At Portia's silvery voice;
I smile to see him shorn of all his power,
And furious at his choice.

With Bunyan's pilgrim, clogged by doubt and sin—
Rent by soul agonies—
I travel, till I see him pass within
The gates of Paradise.

The great Italian takes me by the hand,
Binds me with fearful spell,
Shews me the mysteries of the spirit-land,
The things of Heaven and Hell.

I shake with laughter at the immortal knight,
Quixote, of high renown ;
And at his esquire, Sancho, luckless wight !—
Of chivalry the crown.

Goethe, the life and sun of German thought,
Gives of his wondrous store ;
Flame-tipp'd, his passionate words are all inwrought
With the heart's deepest core.

With our sublime and most seraphic bard,
I sorrow for our woes ;
Behold the world prisoner in devil-ward,
Till He, the Saviour, rose.

I see the Roman Empire rapid rise,
I ponder its decline ;
The illustrious Cæsars pass before mine eyes,
And many a famous line.

Into the broad domains of sweet romance,
With high-souled Scott I peer.
I linger o'er fair Enid's countenance—
Arthur and Guinevere.

And many others wile me with their lays,
Or build with argument—
As Burns and Bacon—worthy of all praise—
With lips most eloquent.

Then, when the restless soul from these will turn.
I take the Book—the best;
And read with joy, "Come ye by sins down-borne,
And I will give you rest."

AUTUMN ODE.

The rooks are calling, calling, calling,
The rooks are calling from the tree;
The wither'd leaves are falling, falling,
And the winds sigh heavily:
And the human soul at this rotting hour,
With the drooping flower,
Doth inward groan,
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

Yet not with man and flower alone
Hath this year's time
Lost all its golden prime,
And saddened into languor and decay;
But, one by one,
Heaven's choristers have gone,
And taken all their song away, away.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree;
And, when the boughs knew all their riches taken,
They bent in agony,—

And now for very grief,
Scarce a leaf
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue,
To sun or dew.

But all these earth-bowed trees, though dying, dying,
Bear, summ'd within them, seed for other years;
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,
And stay these blinding tears:
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,
Till the even of life's story,
And only in yon land whence we had birth,
Inherit undecaying glory!

TO A SELF-MADE MAN.

When the proud noble boasts his ancient blood,
And points me to the annals of his name,
I throw the gauntlet at his feet, and claim
For thee a richer, deeper gratitude
Than that we grant to kings as only kings:
Their grandeur is not of their own true might,
But for this cause, 'whatever is, is right,'
And honours to his son the father brings.
Yet thou, with but the weapon of thy will,
So fought the thousand foes that hemm'd thee round,
As soon to gain a lofty vantage-ground,
To stand a mark which toilers gaze on still.
'He too was one of us,' stout hearts shall say,
'Then why despair when he doth lead the way.'

THOMAS LISTER.

We gather the following facts respecting Mr. Lister from "The Argosy of Song" by Mr. Thomas Gibbons. Thomas Lister, the poet-naturalist, was born at Old Mill Wharf, near Barnsley, February 11th, 1810, being the youngest of fourteen children. His parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, educated him at the Friends' School, Ackworth, and here, from 1821 to 1824, he not only received a good English education, but also acquired a notoriety among his teachers and school-mates for astonishing athletic feats and physical courage. Those early exercises, with the thoughtful element at all times pervading his mind, developed that great love of natural objects and robust outdoor life which form so striking a part of his vigorous intellectual work. After leaving school, he went to work with his father, a gardener and small farmer, and several years were passed in that rustic and healthful employment. During a period of commercial panic, 1829-30, three of Mr. Lister's brother's emigrated to America, and subsequently removed to Canada; and the reflections on the causes which occasioned their departure from the homeland were embodied in one of his first poems, "The Home-expelled Britons." In 1832, having already earned a local literary reputation, Mr. Lister was introduced to Lord Morpeth (afterwards the Earl of Carlisle), who

nominated him for the situation of postmaster then vacant at Barnsley. But it was necessary for him to take an Oath before entering upon the appointment, and this being contrary to the principles of his sect, the young Quaker poet declined to do; the position was consequently given to another. Mr. Lister was induced to publish a collection of his poems, which appeared in 1834, under the title of "The Rustic Wreath." The book was received with flattering testimony as to its merits; and the large edition of 3,000 copies was quickly sold. He next published "Temperance Rhymes," in 1837; and the same year he became acquainted with Ebenezer Elliott. Though Thomas Lister was many years the junior of the famous "poet of the poor," the friendship, once formed, ripened into bonds of characteristic intimacy, and continued to the end of Elliott's life. This same year Mr. Lister made a tour of the picturesque Lake District, travelling chiefly on foot, and occasionally performing wonderful pedestrian feats. He continued the journey into Scotland, where he met Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), William and Robert Chambers, the artist William Miller, and Robert Burns, the son of the immortal bard. From the top of Ben Ledi, Lister inscribed a beautiful sonnet to Ebenezer Elliott, which was afterwards printed in *Tait's Magazine*. In 1838 Mr. Lister extended his wanderings to the Continent; he crossed Mont Cenis, and rambled leisurely through the great valleys of Piedmont and the Lombardy plains, visited Milan, Turin, and other Italian cities, and strolled along the shores of classic Como, Lugano, and Maggiore; he afterwards passed over the Alps, into Switzerland; and, finally,

after viewing the Netherlands, he reached England. Those Ulyssean wanderings greatly impressed the fervid mind of the pilgrim poet, resulting in the production of many fine poems and sonnets, and a number of translations from the German, Italian, and French. Several of these compositions were forwarded to Elliot, and the author was afterwards pleasantly surprised to find that his friend had sent them to *Tait's Magazine*, in which they were published. In 1839, the office of postmaster at Barnsley again became vacant, and Mr. Lister was offered and accepted the situation; a simple form of declaration having been substituted for the oath in all post-office appointments. Mr. Lister retained the position of postmaster until 1870, when he retired upon a pension; and the inhabitants of Barnsley, rightly viewing his long and faithful services as worthy of recognition, presented him with a handsome testimonial, at a large public meeting, presided over by the mayor of the town. In 1862, Mr. Lister produced "Rhymes of Progress," illustrating the advantages of education, temperance, and economy. This little work is Mr. Lister's last published book, but he has not by any means abandoned literary pursuits. He is a frequent contributor of articles on natural history and meteorology to various publications; and, long ago, Mr. Lister attained a distinguished position as a naturalist. As a member of the British Association, he has annually attended the gatherings in different parts of England for many years; and, at the Southampton meeting, August, 1882, he read a valuable paper on the distribution of Yorkshire spring migrants. He is president of the Barnsley Naturalists' Society; and his

sympathies and labours have been earnest in the promotion of mechanics and similar institutions throughout his native country. Many notices have appeared bearing testimony to Mr. Lister's worthy life and work; prominently in Newsam's "Poets of Yorkshire," Grainge's "Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire," Searle's "Life of Ebenezer Elliott," Dr. Spencer T. Hall's "Sketches of Remarkable People," and an article by J. Hugh Burland, in *Country Words of the West Riding*. Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks has also pleasantly introduced his name into the pages of her graphic Yorkshire story, "Wooers and Winners."

KNOWLEDGE STILL IS POWER.

Knowledge is power, have sages said,
  True maxim! as of old:
Lo! o'er this earth her conquests spread—
  Not waged for lands and gold.
What'er can lessen human woe,
  Or add to labour's dower,
And bid the streams of plenty flow—
  Prove knowledge still is power.

Great ends from small beginnings rise,
  Drops feed the moving sea;
He who drew lightning from the skies
  Hailed triumphs yet to be:
When winged words should traverse earth
  Within the fabled hour;
And science in her newest birth
  Sees knowledge still is power.

The kettle's hissing moving steam
An ampler power awoke:
Visions more rich than fancy's dream
On wondering mortals broke.
Our age with new inventions teems,
As fruit succeeds the flower,
When autumn's mellow ripeness gleams;
For knowledge still is power.

He who inspired the breath of life
Bade man progressive move;
Nor waste his powers in bootless strife,
But learn the law of love.
Live nobly then to Nature's laws,
Enrich each fleeting hour!
Success will smile upon your cause,
For knowledge still is power.

Though small your sphere of influence be,
Its limits none can bound;
Thoughts spread like winds, careering free
The seeds of wisdom round.
As falls upon the thirsty earth
The fertilising shower,
Waking the golden harvest's birth—
So, knowledge still is power.

Ye students! in the realms of mind,
Go on with added might,
Walk in His steps who led the blind
From darkness into light.
Draw lessons from earth, sea, and stars,
From beast and bird and flower;
Find out what public welfare mars,
For knowledge still is power.

THE FIRST FOUND FLOWER.

To thee! though not the first of spring's young race,
The earliest wild flower, greeting yet mine eye;
Ev'n ere the crocus bursts in golden dye,
Or primrose pale unveils its modest face—
To thee, small celandine* I yield first place.
For thou dost greet me, earliest of the band,
That comes as sweeteners, after storms and cares.
Remembrance of past pleasures! moments bland,
Pledge of rich joys, the coming season bears!
Well might thy starry cup of golden bloom—
Thy lowly virtues—one pure mind awake,
Who sought, before the art-emblazon'd dome,
The flower-crown'd mountain, and the reedy lake—
Thee! hallow'd Wordsworth sang—I love thee for his sake.

SUNSET MUSINGS IN MILAN, 1838.

Proud are thy halls, Milano;
Thy towers rise gorgeously;
One thought hath dimmed their splendour—
They look not on the free.

A richly-mellowed beauty
Lives in thy clear blue sky,
Sad stain to its deep purity
There, alien banners fly.

The Pandour* through thy palaces
Hath stalked in savage pride,
And on thy floors of marble
Hath freedom's God defied.

**Ranunculus Ficaria*, the small celandine of Wordsworth, and the pilewort used as medicinal ointment.

* Wild troops in the Austrian service.

Kind are thy sons, Milano!
Then, shall they not be free?
Earth-grasping masters sternly
Have bade them bow the knee.

With eyes of fascination,
Half hid by raven hair:
Oh, lovely are thy daughters;
Must they thy ruin share?

Their port, their step how graceful!
Where green the linden waves;
Alas, that these thy daughters
Should mothers be to slaves.

Sweet on the twilight stealing,
Like hope to hearts that grieve,
Thy many-toned minstrelsy
Floats on the summer eve.

Far o'er the giant mountains
The day beam smiling dies;
The peace of heaven is resting
Amid those happy skies. †

What speaks yon martial clarion?
The spoiler, man, is near;
The haughty tread of warriors
Bursts harshly on the ear.

† Free Switzerland, seen from the grand Duomo of Milan. This splendid cathedral is built of white marble, adorned with rich carvings and many hundred figures of saints and great men.

[The aspirations for a free and united Italy, uttered in the last verse, are now realised. In 1838 the only free state in Italy was Sardinia.]

These soulless tools of tyranny,
'Tis thus in every clime,
Bind fast the chain they first have worn—
Hired guards of royal crime.

Thy fair, fruit-laden meadows,
Thy olive and thy vine,
Are food for foreign revellers,
Who laugh at thee and thine.

Many the works of beauty
Thy master minds have wrought;
Was it to soothe the robber
They gave their lives to thought?

Sweet are thy songs, Italia!
Melodious as thy streams!
They tell thy bygone glories,
Like pleasures known in dreams.

To lift the hopes of freedom,
They sound in other skies;
Oh, for thy Dante's spirit,
To bid thy fallen rise!

STEPHEN FAWCETT.

We are indebted to Mr. A. Holroyd for the following:—Stephen Fawcett was born in the year 1807, at Burley, in Wharfedale, and was the son of a farmer of that place. In 1837, whilst living there, he published his first book, "Wharfedale Lays, or Lyrical Poems." In 1842, he published "Edwy and Elgiva." After that time he removed to Bradford, where he resided until his death, which took place suddenly, on December 10th, 1876. In 1872. he published, by subscription, a collection of poems under the title of "Bradford Legends." This work was dedicated to the Mayor of Bradford, M. W. Thompson, Esq., J. P., of Park Gate. After the death of his wife, as he became old, he fell into poverty; but, being of a happy disposition, and familiar with our English literature, he spent his time in a much happier way than is possible to one without such resources. His writings are on the whole so valuable that they will not sink into obscurity, but will some day be published in a collected form:

A ROYAL HYMENEAN.

Heard ye the news that came the morn?
Royalty weds the Lord o' Lorn.
Inverary will busk her braw,
Mutchkins o' mountain dew will fa.'
Mull will roar wi' a milder strain,
Skye and Iona grow green again;
Wingless bonnets will fly in the clan,
Nane sae blithe as the Highlandman.

What has he whispered in beauty's lug ?
Had he the Cupid's cantrib drug ?
Spoke he o' deeds o' the olden time ?
Sung he in Gaelic or Lowland rhyme ?
Kent he the weird o' spaewife's gab,
Reach for an apple an' no for a crab ?
Hearts never faint in the Campbell clan,
Bold is the raid o' the Highlandman.

Southern lords hae rich domains,
Southern earls hae fertile plains,
Southern dukes are proud and great,
High on the cliff is the Campbell's seat.
He woos with the eagle in glen and ravine,
Then hoo did he woo an' hoo did he win ?
Proud are the hearts o' the Campbell clan,
Germans will squint at the Highlandman.

The bonniest bud of the rose has sworn
Her truth to the Lord o' the Isles o' Lorn ;
She comes to the land o' the tartan quilt,
To the Castle by Morven's heroes built ;
She comes to the lilt, to the pibrochs' din.
But hoo did the laddie the princess win ?
Ask an' ye will guess an' ye can,
Ye kenna the spunk o' a Highlandman.

Goody ye've bakit the bannocks the noo,
Doon wi your knitting an' taits o' woo ;
Don your new plaidie and kurtchy braw,
Jenny is rinning wi' Kab to the ha' ;
Ae glint at the wench will be good for the een,
Her bairnies will hae for their granne a Queen.
The pluck o' a Scot is nae flash in the pan,
There's luck in the lot o' a Highlandman.

REV. EDWARD G. CHARLESWORTH.

THE Rev. Edward G. Charlesworth is the son of Edward Charlesworth, banker of Leeds, and was born at Mount Preston, near Leeds, on the 30th of September, 1829. His mother was a Miss Clapham, a direct descendant of the Claphams mentioned by Wordsworth in his "White Doe of Rylstone"—

> "There face to face and hand to hand,
> The Claphams and Mauleverers stand."

He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and was for some time in the bank founded by his father. After a course of theological study, he was ordained by Dr. Musgrave, the then Archbishop of York, and is now vicar of Acklam, near Middlesborough-on-Tees. Mr. Charlesworth is the author of a number of books, several of which have been warmly praised by the critical press. He wrote "The Ministry of the Bible," "The Word in the Heart," two novels, entitled "A Broken Heart" and "Ironopolis," and a volume of poems, "Shadows from the Cross." The latter work was thus noticed in *Truth*: "Messrs. Remington and Co. have published a little volume in verse, entitled "Shadows from the Cross," which has attracted considerable attention. The language is melodious, and the author gives evidence that he possesses the true poetic temperament. The contrast

between the character of Christ and that of Pontius Pilate—the one full of His mission, and the other indifferent to all creeds alike, cold and cynical—is well worked out." The *Literary World* said that it "contains some careful, melodious writing, which, although somewhat obscure, is not wanting in thought or graceful expression." The *World* called it "a volume of harmonious verse." He has contributed to most of the leading periodicals, including the *Quiver*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Once a Week*, *Modern Thought*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, &c. We select from the magazines some examples of Mr. Charlesworth's poetry. The first is from the *Sunday Magazine* :—

NELLY'S TEAR.

NIGHT'S shadows through the window flowed
In silent waves from sea and cleft,
A tear fell while she spoke to me ;
I watched some streaks the sun had left.

A swift winged thought late born in her,
Had touched some inner eye to see
A winter's grief, a faded leaf
Hung on a stem of memory.

When snow falls on a little grave
That lies beneath the Lychen's fane,
And twilight floweth from the sea,
This thought will bring a tear again.

The next poem is culled from *Chambers's Journal* :—

AUTUMN LESSONS.

Is there no lesson in the year,
Running her latter seasons out ;
No type or shadow in the thoughts,
Whilst fading leaves are strewn about ?

Surely, we have a sympathy,
  Made by the pain our hearts have known
From fading hopes and fading joys—
  With dying leaves and flowers blown.

Are not these,—things, which touch a spring,
  Where sorrows of the past are lain—
(The sad and dear in memory's bower);
  That makes them live and die again.

The lines that follow appeared in the Christmas issue of the *Quiver*, for 1881:—

TO A REDBREAST.

Swret bird, a story saith thy breast
Turned red when in Gethsemane
Thrice from a bleeding soul Christ prayed;
And since, that thou hast loved to be
The most where sorrow dwells, and shade,
O'er fallen leaves that chide the wind,—
Or near some door with cloud behind,
To sing of light—to sing of rest.

GEORGE MORINE.

THE Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., kindly contributes the following sketch :—

GEORGE MORINE is the author of many sonnets, beautiful in form, and delightful in sentiment—admirable for their colouring and their cadences, with a great feeling for landscape, and a musical rhythm which charms and satisfies the ear. He also wrote a number of lyrical pieces, which are characterised by remarkable grace, sweetness, and polish. Mr. Morine never collected his poems into a volume, but some of them have appeared in various magazines. In that truly delightful book, "English Sonnets by Poets of the Past," edited by Mr. Waddington (Bell & Son), there was one sonnet, the last in the book, by George Morine, which attracted the attention of the critics. One reviewer, in the *St. James's Gazette*, in quoting the sonnet, observes, " To our thinking it is a very fine and striking verse. It is the work of George Morine. If he left other work as good as this, it is to surely be wished that it were more widely published." We give it below. The whole of Mr. Morine's poems in manuscript were bequeathed to the present writer by his lamented friend, and it is hoped that they will eventually be given to the public in a small volume. George Morine, who was born at York, January 31st, 1809, was of French descent

on his father's side. His mother was a York lady—her maiden name was Lois Harland, and she was the sole daughter of Mr. George Harland, of that city. From his mother he inherited a small income. When a young man he took up his abode in Doncaster, where he continued to reside in lodgings in a very retired manner until he died, in his 64th year, December 16th, 1872, and was interred in Christ Church burying-ground. Mr. Morine possessed a genial and affectionate nature, an upright character, sound judgment, exquisite taste in the fine arts, and charming powers of conversation. It was once observed of him that he had many of the faculties, all the virtues, and scarcely one of the faults generally supposed to be connected with the mind and temperament of a poet.

SUNSET.

DAY—like a conqueror marching to his rest,
The warfare finished and the victory won,
And all the pageant of his triumph done—
Seeks his resplendent chamber in the West;
Yon clouds, like pursuivants and heralds drest
In gorgeous blazony, troop slowly on,
Bearing abroad the banners of the sun
That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's crest.
In the azure field a solitary star
Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
Re-form their glittering ranks, and join again
Their father Phœbus in his golden car,
Whose panting steeds have snuffed the Western main.

TO FANCHON.

WITHIN that room which I had long'd to share
With thee, but long'd in vain for many a day,
I stood at last, but thou hadst fled away
And left no spirit like thy presence there ;
'Twas in the wintry time—the trees were bare,
And folded snow upon the meadows lay,
And all was mute save on a frosted spray
A querulous bird plained to the bitter air.
I turn'd me from the lattice, but the chill
My heart oppressing with a sense forlorn,
Was not of winter's uncongenial gloom :—
I thought of eyes which would have lighted still
That landscape with the lustre of the morn,
And filled with beauty that deserted room.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.

ON many a verdant mound the *ruins* stand
Of keep or castle—relics of dark time,
Of iron conquest, or baronial crime—
Days of the ruthless heart and bloody hand ;
So let them perish : If Time's stern command—
The muffling ivy, the corroding clime,
Forbear our Minsters, monuments sublime,
The landmarks, and the glory of the land.
And centuries, that have spared so long, *will!* spare
Those sacred towers, which higher as they rise,
Refine their beauty in celestial air ;
Yes, latest ages shall behold them there,
Appealing to the everlasting skies,
Eternal as the sentiment of prayer

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON, LL.D.

DR. ROBINSON was born at Dewsbury, on the 5th September, 1829. He received a liberal education, and at school distinguished himself in his study of languages, especially in Greek. At an early age he courted the Muses, and in Grainge's "Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire" will be found some verses written in his tenth year. Many of his shorter poems have appeared in newspapers and magazines. Several of his longer pieces, which are chiefly on Scriptural subjects, have been printed in the *Methodist Quarterly*, and embrace poems entitled: "Joseph," "The Deluge," "Esther," "Daniel," etc. A poem of considerable length entitled "The Messiah," was issued in a volume, and has passed into a second edition; several leading journals noticing it in a favourable manner. Dr. Robinson has travelled a good deal, and the accounts of his wanderings have been given to the world under the title of "Leaves from a Tourist's Note-book. He is a member of a number of learned societies, including The Royal Geographical Society, The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Royal Asiatic Society, and The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In 1868 the Senate of Tusculum College, at Greenville, in Tennessee, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He is a member of the Dewsbury Town Council, has been nearly eight years on the

School Board, and Vice-Chairman for six years, and is one of the Directors of the Dewsbury Grammar School. In Sunday schools he takes a great interest, and has for over twenty years had a Bible class, at times of one hundred members. A long notice of Dr. Robinson will be found in the *Biograph* for 1881.

We select from his many poems the following examples:

"STEER FATHER, STRAIGHT TO ME."

Oh! wildly blows the wind to-night,
As swift the gale sweeps by—
The timid heart beats with affright,
To think of tempests nigh;
Fearfully—on the rock-girt shore—
The waves of ocean beat,
While clouds of foam, amid the roar,
Are hurried to our feet.

'Twas on a stormy night like this,
Close to the dashing spray,
A youthful voice was heard to call—
"My Father—come this way;
Avoid the rocks on either hand,
And, oh! steer straight to me,
Behold this light upon the shore,
Where I am waiting thee."

The father heard his darling child,
And, guided by the ray,
Was thus enabled to escape
The dangers of the bay.

And soon upon the solid ground
He clasped him to his breast,
Then quickly in his cottage home,
Slumbered in peaceful rest.

But, ah! ere long, that treasured boy
Was doomed to pass away.
Borne from the darkness of earth's night
To realms of endless day.
Yet still his parent hears him call,
Across life's troubled sea,
"Avoid the rocks of sin and shame,
"Steer, father, straight to me.

I've past the bounds of time and space,
I've gained the wished-for shore;
Once met upon this peaceful strand,
Partings shall be no more."
"Aye, by God's help," he cried, "I will,
Whate'er I suffer here
I'll strive to gain that heavenly shore,
And meet my darling there."

VALUE OF WATER.

I ASKED the little flower, What gave
It's lovely shape and hue?
It answered, "'Tis the sun's bright rays
And pearly drops of dew."
I asked the timid little lark,
"What causes you to sing
So sweetly in the early morn,
These pleasant days of spring?"

She answered, "'Tis the pure fresh air
These bright hours always bring,
And the drops of sparkling water
From the sweet refreshing spring."
Then, learn this useful lesson;
From every pretty flower,
That blossoms in the garden,
Or blooms in lady's bower;
From every lark and linnet
That doth so sweetly sing,
And fills the air with melody,
In the bright days of spring.
If thou would'st still be healthy,
And keep thy rosy hue,
Drink pure refreshing water,
And to thyself be true.
Avoid all youthful errors,
Let words and acts be pure,
So shall thy life be full of joy,
And thy reward be sure.

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

WHAT is the value of a friend,
True in each hour of need?
Whose ready hand, at thy command,
Is prompt in kindly deed.
Who makes thee welcome to his home,
And all that he can claim;
And by his kindly actions proves
Thy good his only aim,

Who, when prosperity departs,
And fortune's smile is gone,
When all is dark and comfortless,
Still proves himself the one
Who, when all else are changed, remains
Ever the same to thee;
And by his words, and acts, and deeds,
Removes thy misery?
One true, and faithful friend is worth
Thousands of those who stand
And court our smiles, when fortune seem!
To take us by the hand;
But, when she frowns, like summer-birds,
Instant upon the wing,
These faithless ones our winter leave,
And go—where'er 'tis spring.
May God's best blessing rest on him
Who was our friend of old;
And still remains the same to us,—
His worth can ne'er be told.
E'en steel will rust, and gold itself
May tarnish and grow dim,
True friendship shines in darkest night,
Tests bring its colours out more bright,
Though great the need and fierce the fight,
We find no change in him.

EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

THIS favourably-known writer of poetry and prose, chiefly on historical and temperance topics, is a native of Flamborough, and was born March 24th, 1845. Almost his first attempt at composition was a short sketch, "The History of a Celt," inserted in the *Family Friend* in 1865. In a number of London and provincial magazines many of his pieces have appeared; and he has also contributed to several holiday numbers and Christmas annuals, including, *The Hull Welcome Guest*, edited by W. A. Greensmith; *Hull Christmas Annual*, and the *Scholastic Christmas Annual*, edited by William Andrews. Mr. Lamplough wrote in 1880-3 the following serials in the *Bradford Times*:—"Yorkshire Battles," "Yorkshire Romance and Tragedy," "Yorkshire Cameos," "Shadows of Old Yorkshire Romance," "Mediæval Northumbria," "Remarkable Conspiracies and Assassinations," and "Memorable Battles of the Middle Ages." He has contributed numerous chapters on local history to the *Hull News*. A large number of interesting articles have appeared in the *Hull Miscellany* under the title of "Cameos from the Chronicles of Hull," and in the same magazine have been published many of his poems. Mr. Lamplough in 1873 won the prize for the best poem on "Beautiful Lilies," at the Fish Street May-morning meetings. A few years ago he took the first prize of five pounds for the

best temperance tract written in verse, entitled : " England's Foes," which was issued by John Kempster and Co. For many years as a teacher he has taken a deep interest in Sunday Schools, and obtained the first prize of five guineas from the Sunday School Union for " Outlines of Sunday School Lessons." He issued from the press of C. H. Barnwell, Hull, in 1881, a volume of poems dedicated to Dr. Evan Fraser, President of the Hull Literary Club, under the title of "The Siege of Hull," and from the same publisher in 1884, a collection of historical essays entitled " Mediæval Yorkshire." Both books, of considerable merit, are in every respect valuable additions to Yorkshire literature, and have obtained a circulation far beyond the broad shire to which they relate. He was one of the founders of the Hull Literary Club, and at the annual dinner, held October 8th, 1884, he wrote a poetical address to Will Carleton, the popular American poet, which, with other pieces written expressly for this work, we give as illustrative of his power :—

WELCOME TO WILL CARLETON.

We welcome thee with honour ! brave toiler for the right,
Whose spirit-voice hath touch'd us with the glamour of its might !
Whose tender heart hath raised us to life's simple, subtle truth,
Teaching old-world wisdom to the greybeard and the youth !
That wisdom of our nature which the cold world chills to death,
That the life of cities stagnates with its cold and icy breath !
Welcome to thee, oh ! our brother ! the young men utter low,
In thought thy right hand clasping, the glow upon their brow !
Old truths that grew from childhood, the very core of life,
Have lost their olden passion, dust-covered in the strife !

But truth and life are born again unto the selfish heart,
When Carleton's soul its language finds in true poetic art!
All souls have chapters of their own, though true or false they be,
Involved in shade of sullen guilt, or cherished faultlessly;
And in thy scenes, so fairly drawn, the virtue or the fault,
Had found a resurrection from the old funereal vault,
The grim neglect, though buried long, brings shame and grief again,
'Till the strong man's heart is shaken with the bitterness of pain!
Or the pleasant spirit walketh 'mid the autumn path of life,
Love-shelter'd from the tempest, in the winter-time of strife!
Yea, welcome for thy wisdom, life's true and precious gold—
Though buried by man's folly, yet as the mountains old!
Thrice welcome for the lessons that bid us clear the brow,
Nor brood above the stony earth, but guide the flashing plough,
And make the furrow deep and straight, while clouds are in the
Nor doubt to see the bearded grain before the reaper lie!
Thrice welcome for the wisdom of gentleness and trust,
That drives away ill-nature, that brushes off the dust—
Dust that the strong foot thickest raises amid the toil for right,
That ever shews the darkest where the robes are purest white.

SAXON AND NORMAN.

"A face that would have looked well under a lifted helmet—such a face as the scared Saxons must have seen among the bold followers of William the Norman, when those hardy Norse warriors ran amuck in Dover town."—*Miss Braddon's* "Vixen."

No man should wrong the valiant dead
Of laurels won in battle red;
Nor cast one thought of scoff or scorn
At those in battle overborne,
When fierce and loud the clarion rang,

The grindled lance-steel rent and stang,
And brave men to the bitter end
Sustained the fierce attack,
Nor to the deadly storm would bend,
Nor give one foot's-length back,
But boldly met the deadly steel,
Content an equal stroke to deal,
And bear beneath their dying hate
The bleeding foeman to his fate.
And ill befits it woman's breast
To trample on the warrior's crest,
When, stark and still in death's repose,
He lies amid unnumbered foes!—
So sleeps the Saxon, haply blest
With ruin's honourable rest!
Stark Normans at his head and heel,
His valour fierce attest,
And to his courage sets the seal
The warrior readeth best!
No woman's voice is needed here—
The North, a desert waste and drear,
A charnel swamp of ash and blood,
Shows how the Norman was withstood.

GOOD-BYE TO THE WALLS.

Lines in honour of the walls of Hull, twice invested by the armies of the King, during the great rebellion, and vainly battered and assaulted by the besiegers, who were finally repulsed on the 11th of October, 1643.

Good-bye to the bulwarks that served our need,
In the heat of the civil war,
When Newcastle gathered his braves with speed,
To scatter the foe afar!

But found to his cost the triple crown
Could not be easily won,
As his strongest works were beaten down
By saker and heavy gun!
The ramparts shook to the hellish storm
As the red-hot shot came down
Their ruinous errand to well perform,
And burn the rebellious town!
But Meldrum and Fairfax knew no fear
As they cast up batteries new,
And their heaviest cannon trained to bear
Where the red-hot bullets flew!
With a roar of hell the great guns cast
Their answering hail of shot,
'Till the King's fort sank neath the wild war blast
Of the cannonade so hot!
Good-bye to the walls that served so well
When the stormers swiftly came,
With the battle-cry and the wild death-yell,
And the flash of musket flame!
Then foot to foot on the rampart edge
Roundhead and Royalist met,
And the weakest fell from the narrow ledge
With blood of the bravest wet!
From cannon and musket, iron and lead
Were poured on the beaten foe,
For only a shatter'd fragment fled
From the deadly conflict's woe!
Good-bye to the walls that shook again
When the sortie left the gate,
'Neath hurtling shower of the cannons' rain
To decide the old town's fate!
When soldiers and townsmen swept along

And stormed the Royalists' lines!
But Newcastle turned, in his anger strong,
And he foiled their brave designs,
As he drove them forth, with sword and spear,
From each captured trench and fort;
And only stayed in his brave career
At the town-guns' fierce retort!
Good-bye to the walls that held at bay
The strength of the Royalists' pride,
While the Roundheads reform'd their torn array,
And with sword and pike replied,
As their banners waved in the hail of shot,
And the foe went staggering down,
For the wrath of battle waxed fierce and hot
As they saved the good old town!
The shades of the darkest night portend
The rise of the brightest day—
Good-bye to the walls that saw the end,
Of that wild and fierce affray!

D. D. LAMPLOUGH.

CAPTAIN LAMPLOUGH has made numerous pleasing additions to the poetry of his native county. He was born at Flamborough on September 21st, 1841, and four years later was removed to Hull. Mr. Lamplough commenced his seafaring career as a cabin boy in a ship commanded by his father. He is now the captain of a vessel sailing from the port of Grimsby. On more than one occasion he has displayed great courage under most trying circumstances, and it is gratifying to record that in 1873 Mr. Lamplough and the second mate of his ship were presented by the King of Norway with a silver-mounted telescope each, in recognition of their services in rescuing a seaman from the wreck of the "Sesostris" of Moss, the sole survivor of the crew of fifteen. In effecting the rescue, the lifeboat of the "Leeds" was capsized and lost, the boat's crew and the rescued man narrowly escaping with their lives. The directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company on reading Mr. Lamplough's report, generously presented the sum of £20 to the crew of the "Leeds" as a proof of their admiration of the conduct displayed by their servants on that perilous occasion.

ALONE.

Out in the storm a tiny vessel lay,
A helpless shattered wreck!
The waves swept o'er her, and one lonely man
Stood on the silent deck;
Beneath, a dead boy lay; his body wrapped
In the cold waters' cruel close embrace—
And though each wave the vessel's side o'erlapp'd,
Still thro' the storm that brave man kept his place.

'Twas not stern battle's wild exciting thrill
That bound him to the deck;
'Twas duty's call that bade him stand alone
Upon the storm-tossed wreck.
Alone—with death beneath him, and around
The wild waves, lashed to fury by the gale,
Mingling their moanings with the flapping sound
Of the torn canvas of the tatter'd sail.

Alone—to gaze upon that dreary scene;
One wild, unbroken view,
Save the fast less'ning sail that bore away
The remnant of his crew.
Alone—to battle through the weary night,
The angry tempest, and the treacherous wave,
Or sink, unaided, e'er the morning light,
In the dark abyss of an ocean grave.

Seamen can picture well that horrid night;
The dead boy ever near,
And not the glimmer of a single star
The long night-watch to cheer!
But all around an utter loneliness;
The keen sense of desertion, save by the
Great Helper of the weak in their distress,
Who rules the storm and calms the troubled sea!

The thankful feeling when the grey dawn broke
Upon the dismal sight,
The batter'd wreck that struggled with the waves,
Through that long, cheerless night!
The first sight of the distant port, the flush
That mantled o'er his cheeks with honest pride,
As forth his fellow townsmen eager rush,
To greet his vessel, to the harbour side!

Brave deeds are worthy of recording! this
Methinks will long be told;
When round the hearthstones of our Eastern coast
Gather the young and old,
To listen to the aged as they tell
The young men, eager for some thrilling tale,
How, with her gallant skipper, Thomas Bell,
The "Regulus" rode out the stormy gale!

THE TREE CAN ONLY GROW SO HIGH.

(GERMAN PROVERB.)

"THE tree can only grow so high,"
For He hath marked the limit where!
Then why shouldst thou despond, brave heart,
And yield thy spirit to despair?
Think! He who marks the verdure's growth,
And notes the humblest sparrow's flight;
Though storms and trials bear thee down,
Still keeps thee ever in His sight!

Repine not, therefore, at thy lot;
Thou hast thy joys, which none may share;
Bright patches of ethereal blue,
Firm fixed above the clouds of care!

Pure, hallowed joys, wealth cannot buy,
That, springing from a source divine,
Shed their bright influence o'er thy path,
To ease thy load, and only thine!

Though spiteful hatred's barbed shafts
Wound thee, brave heart, heave not a sigh!
Remember in thy darkest hour,
"The tree can only grow so high!
And He who marks the verdure's growth,
And notes the humblest sparrow's flight,
E'en in those dark, desponding hours,
Still keeps thee ever in His sight!

ABRAHAM HOLROYD.

MR. HOLROYD has gained distinction as a Yorkshire author, editor, and antiquary. The story of his somewhat eventful career may be read in Mr. William Smith's "Old Yorkshire," vol. II., p 230-5. A fine portrait is also included. The sketch is by Mr. William Scruton, a painstaking writer of Bradford, who also contributed to the pages of the *Yorkshireman* a long and interesting notice of Mr. Holroyd. He was born at Clayton, near Bradford, on the 2nd of April, 1815. His father was a hand-loom weaver, and, as soon as he was able, he followed the same employment. His first poems, written when he was about seventeen, were printed at Bradford in 1834. On the 5th of November, 1836, he enlisted at Leeds into the 32nd Regiment of Foot, then stationed at Montreal, Canada. After obtaining his discharge by purchase from the army, and filling several situations in various parts of America, he returned to his native country in 1851. He has since that time published a number of local books, and written and edited several, including "Spice Islands Passed in the Sea of Reading," "The Bradford Historical Almanack," (issued for six years); and *The Bradfordian*, one of the best of the Yorkshire magazines, which lived for twenty-seven months. He issued a volume of Preston's poems, and is the compiler of "Collectanea Bradfordiana," a valuable

addition to local history. A charming volume, entitled "A Garland of Poetry by Yorkshire Authors," was edited and published by Mr. Holroyd in 1873. Many of his articles have appeared in "Old Yorkshire," the *Yorkshireman*, the *Yorkshire Magazine*, *Bradford Observer*, *Leeds Mercury*, and other West Riding newspapers and periodicals. Says Mr. Scruton, in concluding an article on Mr. Holroyd in the *Yorkshireman*: "An ardent admirer of our English ballads, he has collected, during a long course of years, nearly three hundred choice ballads and songs belonging to Yorkshire alone. Many of these are exceedingly rare. Several are from his own pen, for Abraham Holroyd is a poet as well as compiler. If spared with life and health, he hopes to be able to place these ere long before the public in a collected form. We sincerely trust that he may be spared to realise this his fondest wish, and that it may prove the crowning effort of his long and useful career."

FLOW ON GENTLE AIRE.

Flow on gentle Aire,—in thy course to the sea;
Thy murmurs are music, delightful to me;
In the spring time of youth, I haunted thy stream;
And now in my manhood I'll make thee my theme.

By lofty hills bounded, and furze cover'd moors,
Green woods, and rich meadows, encircle thy shores;
The beautiful birch tree, o'er shadows thy wave,
And willows low bent in thy bright waters lave.

The lark on thy banks, pours his song to the morn,
The blackbird at eve, cheers his mate in the thorn;
The snowdrop and primrose, first bloom on thy strand,
When Spring in her gladness, revisits the land.

Here light-footed Summer, dwells long with her flowers,
Bedecking thy glades, and adorning thy bowers;
Here frolicking zephyrs, to Flora make love,
Then kissing thy bosom, speed on through the grove.

And golden-crown'd Autumn, dispensing her sheaves
Delighteth to linger among the brown leaves;
And cold, hoary Winter, is mild by thy side,
Refraining to stem with his frost thy clear tide.

When wild storms arise, o'er the heather-clad hills,
And the floods seek thy bed, in white foamy rills;
Now rushing, now dancing, the grey rocks among,
Still calmly thou glidest, in beauty along.

Scream on ye wild birds, in your dark eyrie den,
Awaking the echoes, asleep in the glen;
Roar on ye rough storms, from each summit to shore,
Ye serve to endear my lov'd valley the more.

Flow on gentle Aire, in thy course to the sea,
By the hall, and the cot, the woodland, and lea
And long may thy banks, that know not a slave,
Be the home of the free, the fair and the brave.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

A Saltaire Dialect Song.

Come, hither Mally, sit tha daan,
I've got some news ta day;
My husband Jim is coming home,
Thro' North America:
He's send a telegram ta say
He'll come at ten ta neet;—
Ah Mally! bud I du feel queer,
I tremle ta me feet.

It's been a weary time wi' me,
An if we live whol morn ;
It's ten long year sin first he went,
Aar Mary wor'nt born.
An' every day on bended knees
I've prayed the Lord for him ;
An' this ol say, there nivver wor
A better man nor Jim.

Tha sees aar Mary's goan to't schooil,
An't lasses all to't miln ;
An' Kester went away at nooin
Ta du his wark at t' kiln ;
So Mally stop wi' me ta day,
An' help ma all tha can,
An' tha sal fotch in summat nice,
Ta welcome my guid man.

Go daan ta Ramsden's shop an' buy,
Sum stakes cut thin an' fine ;
An' call at Bayley's on thi' road,
Fur sum o' Gilbey's wine :
Jim ollus liked old port the best,
An' stake wi' onions fried :
Bud call at Dunford's too, an' bring
Braan breead an cheese beside.

I've made him up six chekker shirts,
Weel lined both front an' back ;
An' as fur flannel under-clothes,
I'm suar he will nut lack ;
Six pairs o' stockings tu I've knit,
Will reyk aboon his knee.
Bud I sud du a deal fur Jim,
He's doin' a deal fur me.

Naa Mally lass ! be up an' off ;
Be suar an' dunnot stay,
I wish them childer wor at home,
I feel e' sich a way :
Bud I'll go wesh and don ma up,
An' mak things nice an' breet,
Fur when he comes there's suar ta be,
A rumpus here ta neet.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THIS many-sided man has made his mark in various branches of literature and journalism. He is a native of Headingley, near Leeds, and was born on May 30th, 1835. His father was a wool merchant in that town, and for many years a Justice of the Peace. His mother, *née* Mary Ellen Locke, was sister to Joseph Locke, the eminent engineer, and lord of the manor of Honiton, a town he represented in Parliament for a long period. Half a century ago Headingley was a charming rural spot, and as a boy he spent much time rambling in the fields and pleasant lanes of the neighbourhood. A favourite holiday haunt of his in his earlier years was Ilkley, then a primitive place; at Bolton Abbey and in its woods he enjoyed many long and happy days. Mr. Austin describes the latter, though not by name, towards the close of the first canto of "The Human Tragedy." It was in the West Riding that he first acquired that love of external nature which is a marked feature in his poetry. He was educated at Roman Catholic schools—first at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at St. Mary's College, Oscott. Both his parents were Catholics, and the poet was born in that faith, but he has quitted that body in such a manner, we are told, that no date can be assigned to his change of view and feeling. In 1853 he took his degree at the London University, and four years

later was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He went on the Northern Circuit until 1861, when he finally gave up the law, for literature. It may be here noted he did this, not on account of failing to obtain practice at the Bar, as stated in "Men of the Time," but because literary pursuits had a greater charm for him than the legal profession. His first volume was entitled "Randolph," and was published anonymously. We have not seen this work, but, says a writer in the *Biograph*, "it was welcomed by the critics as showing 'bloom, bright and pretty, which ought to grow into fruit,' but which, in the meantime, sold to the extent of seventeen copies only." The subject was Polish in its origin, and its treatment manifested thus early the author's antipathy to Russia. He next issued "The Season, a Satire." It was very unfavourably noticed by a section of the critical press, though its cleverness was not denied, and it had an extensive circulation. He replied to the reviewers in a *brochure* entitled, "My Satire and its Censors," now suppressed. A third edition of "The Season" appeared in 1869. The following are his other volumes of poetry: "The Human Tragedy: a Poem" 1862, republished in an amended form, 1876; "The Golden Age: a Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "Rome or Death!" 1873; "Madonna's Child," 1873; "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Leszko the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief," 1877; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881, and "Soliloquies in Song," 1884. He is the writer of three novels: "Five Years of It," 1858; "An Artist's Proof, 1864; and "Won by a Head," 1866. A series of articles which appeared in *Temple Bar*, were reproduced in a volume, in 1870, under the title of

"Poetry of the Period." He wrote "A Vindication of Lord Byron," being an able reply to Mrs. Stowe's article "The True Story of Lord Byron's Life." Mr. Austin is a Conservative, and has done much valuable work for his party, both as a writer and public speaker. He has made unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament—for Taunton in 1865, and for Dewsbury in 1880; and has since refused all solicitations to seek for a seat in the House of Commons. Important political articles in the *Standard*, the *Quarterly Review*, often appear from his pen, and he is one of the editors of the *National Review*. In 1869, Mr. Austin married Miss Hester Jane Mulock, daughter of Thomas Homan Mulock, Esquire, of Bellair Moate, King's County, and now resides at Swinford House, Ashford, Kent, which is described as "an ideal poet's home." He is a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Hereford. Mr. Austin ranks high amongst the poets of this century.

PRIMROSES.

I.

LATEST, earliest of the year,
Primroses that still were here,
Snugly nestling round the boles
Of the cut-down chestnut poles,
When December's tottering tread
Rustled 'mong the deep leaves dead,
And with confident young faces
Peeped from out the sheltered places
When pale January lay
In its cradle day by day,
Dead or living, hard to say,
Now that mid-March blows and blusters,

Out you steal in tufts and clusters,
Making leafless lane and wood
Vernal with your hardihood.
Other lovely things are rare,
You are prodigal as fair.
First you come by ones and ones,
Lastly in battalions,
Skirmish along hedge and bank,
Turn old Winter's wavering flank,
Round his flying footsteps hover,
Seize on hollow, ridge, and cover,
Leave nor slope nor hill unharried,
Till, his snowy trenches carried,
O'er his sepulchre you laugh,
Winter's joyous epitaph.

II.

This, too, be your glory great,
Primroses, you do not wait,
As the other flowers do,
For the Spring to smile on you,
But with coming are content,
Asking no encouragement.
Ere the hardy crocus cleaves
Sunny borders 'neath the eaves,
Ere the thrush his song rehearse
Sweeter than all poets' verse,
Ere the early bleating lambs
Cling like shadows to their dams,
Ere the blackthorn breaks to white,
Snowy-hooded anchorite;
Out from every hedge you look,
You are bright by every brook,

Weaving for your sole defence
Fearlessness of innocence.
While the daffodils still waver,
Ere the jonquil gets its savour,
While the linnets yet but pair,
You are fledged, and everywhere.
Nought can daunt you, nought distress,
Neither cold nor sunlessness.
You, when Lent sleet flies apace,
Look the tempest in the face;
As descend the flakes more slow,
From your eyelids shake the snow,
And when all the clouds have flown,
Meet the sun's smile with your own.
Nothing ever makes you less
Gracious to ungraciousness.
March may bluster up and down,
Pettish April sulk and frown;
Closer to their skirts you cling,
Coaxing Winter to be Spring.

III.

Then when your sweet task is done,
And the wild-flowers, one by one,
Here, there, everywhere do blow,
Primroses, you haste to go,
Satisfied with what you bring,
Waning morning-star of Spring.
You have brightened doubtful days,
You have sweetened long delays,
Fooling our enchanted reason
To miscalculate the season.
But when doubt and fear are fled,

When the kine leave wintry shed,
And 'mong grasses green and tall
Find their fodder, make their stall;
When the wintering swallow flies
Homeward back from southern skies,
To the dear old cottage thatch
Where it loves to build and hatch,
That its young may understand,
Nor forget, this English land;
When the cuckoo, mocking rover,
Laughs that April loves are over;
When the hawthorn all ablow,
Mimics the defeated snow;
Then you give one last look round,
Stir the sleepers underground,
Call the campion to awake,
Tell the speedwell courage take,
Bid the eyebright have no fear,
Whisper in the bluebell's ear
Time has come for it to flood
With its blue waves all the wood,
Mind the stitchwort of its pledge
To replace you in the hedge,
Bid the ladysmocks good-bye,
Close your bonnie lids and die;
And, without one look of blame,
Go as gently as you came.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

I.

LADY! in this night of June,
Fair like thee and holy,
Art thou gazing at the moon
That is rising slowly?
I am gazing on her now:
Something tells me, so art thou.

II.

Night hath been when thou and I
Side by side were sitting,
Watching o'er the moonlit sky
Fleecy cloudlets flitting.
Close our hands were linkèd then ;
When will they be linked again ?

III.

What to me the starlight still,
Or the moonbeams' splendour,
If I do not feel the thrill
Of thy fingers slender ?
Summer nights in vain are clear.
If thy footstep be not near.

IV.

Roses slumbering in their sheaths
O'er thy threshold clamber,
And the honeysuckle wreathes
Its translucent amber
Round the gables of my home :
How is it thou dost not come ?

V.

If thou camest, rose on rose
From its sleep would waken ;
From each flower and leaf that blows
Spices would be shaken ;
Floating down from star and tree,
Dreamy perfumes welcome thee.

VI.

I would lead thee where the leaves
In the moon-rays glisten ;
And, where shadows fall in sheaves,
We would lean and listen
For the song of that sweet bird
That in April nights is heard.

VII.

And when weary lids would close,
And thy head was drooping,
Then, like dew that steeps the rose,
O'er thy languor stooping,
I would, till I woke a sigh,
Kiss thy sweet lips silently.

VIII.

I would give thee [illegible] own,
All that [illegible] would borrow
I from [illegible] would keep alone
Fear and doubt and sorrow.
All of tender that is mine,
Should most tenderly be thine.

IX.

Moonlight ! into other skies,
I beseech thee wander.
Cruel, thus to mock mine eyes,
Idle, thus to squander
Love's own light on this dark spot ;—
For my lady cometh not !

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

SHIRLEY WYNNE is the *nom de plume* of a Hull lady who has contributed many charming poems to the magazines, and is the author of a volume of verse published by Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London, in 1880, entitled: "Argentine; and other Poems." It was well received by the critical press, and the *Eastern Morning News*, after directing particular attention to the merits of the leading poem "Argentine" said of the shorter pieces: "Dreams—a parables" is a mystical poem of great power and meaning, and "Home, sweet Home" is an exquisitely pathetic story most sympathetically related. "The Great Reception" and "A Night Watch" are also written in the same strain, and these and many of the other poems possess such solid qualities of beauty and such deep human interest as must make them, once read, favourites ever after. Those in particular which we have named are dramatic in the purest acceptation of the term, and when we say that in our opinion they would stand the test of public recitation we perhaps pay them the highest praise that could be awarded to poems of this kind. We heartily commend [illegible] volume to public notice, and feel proud that the name of [illegible]ne has been so worthily added to the list of our

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"He shall return no more, nor see his native country."

THE hot and feverish day is o'er, faint shadows are descending,
And evening like a silver dove, floats lightly on the tide ;
The ship is far away by now, the favouring winds befriending,
She sail'd away at early dawn, an hour before he died.

The light is dim, so I may loop aside the shrouding curtain,
And let the cool air touch his brow where white and still he lies.
Poor boy! how young he looks and worn ! Yet calm with this uncertain
Smile upon his lips that lingers, and death's peace upon his eyes.

"I cannot die away from home ! you do not think I'm dying ?
I must reach England ; I am well and strong enough to go ?"
He ask'd when first the end was sure, and in the bay was lying
The home-bound vessel. O my God, I could not answer "No !"

So, to soothe his restless spirit, a berth for him was taken,
And at first he seem'd to rally, caring but to sit and gaze
Where the ship of hope lay anchor'd ; murmuring, "I am not forsaken ;
I shall see my home in England !" sighing, "Oh the long, long days !"

But all yesterday I watch'd him, with a new foreboding sorrow,
Languid seem and very weary : mark'd his face turn old and pale
All at once : and heard him muttering in a feeble way, "To-morrow,—
I shall have more strength to-morrow, and at early dawn we sail."

But at midnight—solemn midnight ! I saw the change was nearing,
The dread mysterious messenger, God's angel Death, was come ;
I took his thin white hand in mine, but did not wake him, fearing
To arouse him, as he sleeping, smiled as if he dreamt of home.

So the dawn came, and the sunrise, and the sailors' shouts as gaily
They upheaved the heavy anchor and the ship stood out to sea ;
Then his wan eyes open'd swiftly, and with a piteous wail he
Cried, "The ship has sail'd to England, sail'd to England—without *me*!"

I fell on my knees beside him as I whispered through my weeping,
Stroking softly his fair hair, "But God will take you Home with nim;
Though the ship has gone *He* waiteth, He for you great joy is keeping,
There is love and home in heaven!" Then the glory of a dim

Smile trembled o'er his features, and his eyelids on that smiling
Dropt as softly as a sigh sounds; without struggle, without moan,
Life fled from its ruin'd temple, and I knew not—still beguiling
Him with useless words of comfort—he was safe at Home—sweet Home!

So he died, poor boy, 'mid strangers in a strange land, where the burning
Sun of Afric fires the landscape. I have sent the news away—
I, a poor nurse, to his mother, that for him is no returning,—
And although I never saw her I must weep for her to-day.

Yet he is at Home, and happier—this will be her comfort after—
Than even she had made him, happier than all words can tell.
Though the brave ship sail'd without him—and propitious breezes waft her—
To expectant hearts in England—it is well with him, is well.

A NIGHT WATCH.

"Is it not morning yet?" From side to side,
The sick girl toss'd, hot-browed and heavy-eyed,
And moaned with feverish breath when I replied,
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet?" O leaden hours,
How slow they move, the night more darkly lowers,
Cold on the wan leaves strike the sudden showers:
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet?" The clock ticks on,
The sands fall slow; not half the night is gone:
Again I answer to that restless moan,
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet?" With tender care
I bathe her brow and smooth her damp dark hair,
And try to soothe her with soft words of prayer.
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet? If she could sleep,
If those tired lids those burning eyes could keep!
God knows the the thorns are sharp, the road is steep!
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet? "'Tis coming, dear!"
And while I speak the shadows press more near,
And all the room grows colder with my fear.
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet? How faint and low
The piteous accents! Do not tremble so,
My heart, nor fail me, while I answer *No*,
It is not morning yet.

"Is it not morning yet?" I bow my head;
God answers, while the eastern sky grows red,
And smiles upon the still face on the bed—
Yes, it is morning now!

WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

MR. TIREBUCK, of the editorial staff of the *Yorkshire Post*, has made some pleasing additions to the poetry of Yorkshire. He is a well known contributor of poetry and prose to the leading magazines, including *The Art Journal*, *Magazine of Art*, *Colburn's New Monthly*, *Tinsley's*, *The Graphic*, *Time*, *The Boston* (U.S.A.) *Index*, and other periodicals. But these scattered contributions by no means represent the nature and bulk of his work, for we understand that Mr. Tirebuck is reserving a volume of verse until after the appearance of another book of his in prose. He has already published two volumettes, which were well received, and gained for him invitations to contribute on similar subjects to the magazines—namely, a biographical and critical sketch of a remarkable Liverpool artist named Daniels, and a critical study of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. Tirebuck is really a native of Lancashire, having been born in Liverpool, but during the past five years Yorkshire has been the scene of his more advanced work, both in prose and verse.

OUR DEBT TO MEMORY.

CAN memory let
The mind forget?
The dearest pleasures answer 'No,'
And then with tears we pay the debt
Which we to faithful memory owe.

And yet this debt,
Against us set
For joys in memory aglow
Is never, never, wholly met
By all the tears our eyes bestow.

The more they flow
The more they go,
To teach we ne'er the debt defray,
To deepen gratitude we owe,
For e'en the debt we cannot pay.

The more they go
The more they flow,
To flood old pleasures into play,
To make us feel that we must owe
This debt to memory for aye.

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD.

O SPECTRAL Nightingale, whose even-song
Hath sung the poets into praise,
I ne'er have heard thee ; thy inspiring tongue
Ne'er deems me worthy of a phrase.
Art thou a poet's myth, for poet's made,
To flatter fancy with a theme
Above the themes of songsters in the glade
Who sing the twilight to its dream ?

Thou'rt like some dear ideal, hazardous
To know, lest knowing break the charm,
And ah, my wondering fancy tremulous
Hath oft solicitous alarm

Lest, hearing thee some Eve, the spell should break
And leave no Nightingale to seek,
No song ideal which now tends to make
Each twilight with a promise speak.

O Nightingale! If I should ever hear
Thy song, let me enraptured be;
O sing thy utmost to the more endear
Ideals so endeared to me;
I would not have thee oust the spirit-bird
That hints the ecstacy thou art,
I'd rather have thee silent, never heard,
Than that with hearing we should part.

A FALLEN ANGEL'S CHARITY.

O THOU wert witness, moon, to-night,
Of one sweet act of charity:
Along the pavement—what a sight!—
O what a world's disparity!—
There ran a girl, mere limbs and rags,
Beside a fallen-angel gay,
But, heaven-shadowed on the flags,
They both were dressed in one array.

Along that pavement, in the light,
What sadness and hilarity
Went passing while the moonlight bright
Illumed the deed of charity:
The girl with begging curtsies ran,
Oath-scouted by a lord of lust,
When lo! the angel spurned the man,
And kisses on the beggar thrust.

The clouds from thee, O moon, did hide,
The man's relentless scowl of hate,
But ah, they passed to show with pride
One final kiss immaculate.
So if thou canst, in heaven to-night,
Tell this of lost humanity ;
Pray Heaven to reward aright
This fallen angel's charity.

SELF-CONTENT.

I LIVE in joyous self-content,
The censure of the world may come,
The world may with its praise be dumb,
I live content.

Ere now I've wished that discontent
Would prick ambition to a goal
To scratch initials on the scroll
By ages rent.

But right, now guiding my intent,
O'ervaults the vanity of name,
And shares with me the sweet acclaim
Of my content.

And so I live in self-content,
Allied to that profounder peace
Which lives when all the censures cease
And all the praise of men is spent.

ALDERMAN WOODHOUSE, F.R.H.S.

In 1884, Messrs. M. C. Peck and Son, Hull, published a volume of verse by Alderman Samuel Woodhouse, F.R.H.S., under the title of "The Queen of the Humber." It contains ten cantos, and gives a picturesque description of the ancient town of Kingston-upon-Hull at various periods in its history. The author had spent many years writing the work, and it was received in a flattering manner by the local press and the Hull reading public. Mr. Woodhouse was born at Flamborough on the 21st December, 1810. He received a liberal education, and in his early manhood conducted a school. He was subsequently Surveyor of Taxes from 1842 to 1852. In the latter year he undertook the agency for several large estates in the East Riding. Mr. Woodhouse entered the Hull Town Council in 1865, and in 1874 was elected an Alderman. As an earnest and intellectual worker for the town's welfare, he has done great public service in connection with the waterworks, and in other directions. Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge's "Old and New Hull" contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Woodhouse, and a detailed account of his successful career. After tracing the history of Hull in "The Queen of the Humber," the author sings :—

Hail, then, Britannia! Should it be thy doom
To be debased as late were Greece and Rome—
As lost in luxury, pleasure, vice, and lust,—
As Babylon be buried in the dust:
Thy prowess gone, dominion pass'd away—
Still thou must have a better fate than they:
The mother of a more prolific race,
Old Time shall ne'er thy lineaments efface,
Thy offspring with thy liberty endow'd,
Thy language, literature, and laws, bestow'd
On half the peopled globe, shall give thy name
Throughout the world an all-enduring fame.

Thy Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Young
(Not in an obsolete, but living tongue)
Be more familiar in that day than now
To those that wield the pen or guide the plough.
Thy learned sons, historian, poet, sage,
Shall be the classics of that later age,
And for their influence have a wider scope
Than those of learned Greece or martial Rome could hope

As on his mistress' charms a lover dwells,
And carves her name on trees in woods and dells,
So to thy famous sons—thy chivalry—
Shall dear old Albion, Scotia, Erin, be
Their household words repeated lovingly.
Still shall those little isles be call'd their *Home*,
However far or wide they elsewhere roam.
Whate'er of power or wisdom they attain,
Thou in thy children's love shall live again.

Farewell Britannia! illustrious, serene,
Incarnate in Victoria, our Queen,—

Queen regnant in all regions of the world,
Where floats aloft thy meteor flag unfurl'd.
Thy colonies and commerce widest spread.
Thy fleet unequall'd, foes thy war-ships dread,—
Thy people free—thy sway the most benign—
Thy sons all brave—thy daughters fairest shine,—
Thy friends protected—foes to ruin hurl'd—
And thou the noblest monarch living in the world.

Several of Mr. Woodhouse's shorter poems have appeared in Hull publications. The following lines are drawn from the *Hull Miscellany* :—

IN MEMORIAM.

REVOLVING seasons as they quickly glide
Bring once again the genial Christmastide,
When thoughts of those we've loved and still hold dear
Crowd on the mind, our drooping hearts to cheer ;
With those still left we'll joyful feast to-day,
Yet fondly think of those who've pass'd away.

Mournful, yet sweet it ever is to dwell
In fond remembrance of one lov'd so well,
Who ever had, e'en from her infant years,
The pleasing traits that to the heart endears
Her name and memory, and whose winning smile
And laughing eyes did all our hearts beguile.

Ah! well remember'd are those happy days ;
She cheer'd with fancies, bright and charming ways,—
As kitten playful, gentle as a dove,
Who could her gambols see, but needs must love
The gentle child, and as she grew in years
There came no disappointment, doubts or fears

The early promise would not be fulfill'd,
For all the virtues which were erst instill'd
Into the infant mind, took root and grew,
By the spirit water'd, as the gentle dew
Of evening falls upon the budding flower,
Developing its sweetness and its power.

And when, her young companions by her side,
We lead her to the altar as a bride,
With holy rites and feasts we celebrate
The happy union, and anticipate
A long career of sweet connubial joy
Shall all her virtues claim, sweet cares employ
The happy mother and the honour'd wife,
The charm and centre of domestic life.
E'en as we hoped, so for awhile we found
A sweet domestic paradise surround
The happy home, and all seemed bright and fair,
And that our cherished plant would flourish there.
But He who trod this weary world of old,
And found it vile, ungenial, bleak and cold—
He who far brighter mansions has design'd
In paradise for those He left behind,
And ever doth transplant the fairest flowers,
From earthly Edens to celestial bowers,—
Saw from our plant the heavenly incense rise,
And bade His angels bear it to the skies:
Yet ere removed two beauteous buds were given,
And one took root in earth, and one in heaven;
There with the parent stem to blossom fair,
Cultured and nourished by the Master's care,
In beauteous colours and with fragrant breath,
Odours of heaven exhale from flowers of earth.

J. ARTHUR BINNS.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Mr J. Arthur Binns issued for private circulation a series of Sonnets on the Year, and we believe that this is his only work of a poetical character issued in separate form. Mr. Binns has, however, written many poems in the leading periodicals far above the average of magazine verse, and it is to be regretted that he has not also brought these together in a volume. We quote a Sonnet, entitled "Aysgarth," from a recent issue of the *Spectator*, and a couple of other pieces from his polished pen. He is an able writer of prose, and has contributed to several standard works, including "Chambers's Encyclopædia." Mr. Binns is the Bradford Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, and in 1884 was elected a member of the Bradford Town Council. He is a native of Bingley, and was born on the 20th July, 1826.

SIC TRANSIT.

O WONDROUS life of joy and strength,
While man's young power unspent is,
Through all the ten years' joyous length,
The hot and eager twenties.

Next comes the decade sweet and strong,
Years where no harm or hurt is,
When life pours forth her fullest song,
The proud and passionate thirties.

Life's summer glows,—with flower and fruit
The long day all too short is;
And well its glorious splendours suit
Our midday world, the forties.

Is this the first approach of Night?
Yes, downward now our drift is,
As on we fare through waning light,
Slow sinking through the fifties.

Still closer folds our narrowing range,
Our fate more sure and fixed is.
For good or ill, small chance of change
When once we reach the sixties.

Darkens the shadow of the tomb!
And either hell or heaven 'tis
As life, past, present, and to come
Looks on us through the seventies.

Shut out from manhood's earlier force,
How sad the growing weight is,
We bear along the dreary course
That lingers through the eighties!

Still slowlier drags our weary oar,
But useless to repine 'tis,
And yet we long to find a shore
Somewhere among the nineties!

Come, kindly Death! unfeared, long-sought!
Spare us the torturing *one* dread
That Heaven has dropped us out of thought,
To leave us o'er the hundred!

AYSGARTH.

WHERE Aysgarth's arch spans Ure's resplendent river,
Where down the rock the shining cataract leaps,
And flashing from between its marble steeps,
From ledge to ledge the silver lightnings shiver,
I gaze, o'erwhelmed by stress of joyous thought,
And backward trace the path of those sweet forces
Which, from their homes among the far hill-sources
This tumbling wealth of beauty here have brought.
Ravine-born, 'mid the many chasm'd mountains,
A thousand brooklets trickle into life
Mingling their myriad murmurs in sweet strife.
And fill the constant stream from lonely fountains.
So spring thy truest life and holiest power,
O man! not from the tumults of the hour.

PONT-Y-PANT.

In life's wild desert oäses there are
The richer for their rareness. This is one,
Where overshadowing branches veil the sun
And hide the sparseness of the sands afar.
Thank God for rest so sweet! The constant war
Of daily toil and turmoil, never won,
Nor lost, leaves still some quiet hour alone,
That shines, as through the midnight one sole star.
We wait, and watch, and strive, while high above,
Beyond all thought of earthly work or harm,
Spreads broad and beauteous the eternal charm,
For which the only name we know is Love.
Love, that with subtle, sweet, resistless strain,
Rounds life to full completeness, heart and brain!

C. W. CRAVEN.

C. W. CRAVEN was born at Keighley, April 23rd, 1855. He has contributed largely to the provincial press, and taken an active interest in local educational matters and literary societies. A collection of his poems was published by his father Mr. E. Craven, of Keighley in 1884, under the title of "A Wreath of Flowers," and from this charming bouquet we select the following pieces :—

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

ALONG the sands of Heysham, as I took a morning stroll,
To breathe the fresh health-giving breeze, and see the waters roll,
I passed two little children, who seemingly had been
Among the fields which decked the coast with clothes of living green.

Their hands were full of flowers, that made a sweet bouquet
Of buttercups and daisies, and the pinks so bright and gay,
With the cattle's honeyed favourite, the clover red and white ;
These, with the children's happy smiles, made up a pretty sight.

I asked myself why little ones should be so fond of flowers,
That in the gath'ring of them they should spend so many hours,
'Tis a fondness springs from nature, 'twas all that I could say,
For each are pure and innocent, and give a welcome ray.

When many years have passed away, and these little ones grown up,
And tasted of the evils that are in life's bitter cup,
They'll often sweetly think of their childhood's happy hours,
While their own children in their turn are plucking all the flowers.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

SUNSHINE.

A PRETTY and a smiling face,
Full of sweetest light and grace ;
Love shining brightly in her eyes,
A look that never, never dies.
So true her aspect seems to be,
Merry, witching, sparkling, free,
Lamp of heaven, sent from above
To teach earth's children how to love.

SHADOW.

Sunken eyes and pouting lips,
Nose that ever upward tips,
Maiden sulking all forlorn,
Every feature full of scorn ;
Graceless, peevish, black, and sour,
Making quarrels every hour,
Emblem of the dark abyss
Where creatures dwell, but never kiss.

THE PANSY.

RICH flower, to pensive moments given,
And sweet in thought as dew from heaven,
Dressed in thy coat of velvet touch,
Who loves thee true must love thee much.

Such is the flower to which I'd cling,
When moments dark their terror bring,
And take a lesson from its form,
Bent humbly 'neath the frowning storm.

No great ambition rules its breast,
But e'er content to do the best,
Beneath the eye it modest lies,
Its duty does, and gently dies.

MAUD ELDRYTH.

Two volumes of verse of considerable merit have been published by Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., London, from the pen of a Hull lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of Maud Eldryth. The first book, issued in 1882, bore the title of "Margaret, and other Poems," and the second issued in 1884, was entitled: "All Souls' Eve, and other Poems." These works prove the writer to be a poet of undoubted power, and one destined to add lustre to the long roll of Yorkshire authors.

REJECTED.

DAYS of weary longing,
Hours of hopeless pain,
Throes of fiery passion,
Throbbing heart and brain,

Deep humiliation,
Yet to strive and dare,
Force of will resistless,
Deathly cold despair,—

These hath love in largess
Given me forsooth,
Taking but the shining
Joys of early youth.

* * *

Life a burning fever
Erst a sunlight stream ;
Thought a fairy kingdom,
Now a maddened dream.

Time fleet-winged and radiant,
Old with heavy pace ;
Earth, my youth's Elysium,
But a barren space.

Dreams of beauteous women—
Erst so sweet and fair—
Now one vision only
Born of my despair.

Now one face for ever
Distant, as at dawn
Orient skies and western,
From my life forlorn.

* * *

Changes such achieveth
Alchemy of Love,
Yet I hold the science
Cometh from above.

A JULY MORNING.

Holy, happy, dreamful morning,
Fold thy wings awhile and rest !
One, the day's full glory scorning,
Singeth, " Opening flowers are best."

Glad as childhood, fearless, smiling,
Radiant, robed fair in white ;
Stay ! earth's weary heart beguiling
With thine eyes' enchanted light.

Shadows filled her night's long dreaming,
Tearful whispers, sobs forlorn;
She has waked 'neath sunbeams streaming
From thy rainbow wings of morn.

Stay! her eager hand is holding
Chaliced perfumes up in glee:
See her, beauteous, swift unfolding
Flower-gemmed banners, greeting thee.

Hark! her silvery laughter gushing
Knows no saddened echo now;
Thousand fairy hopes are flushing
(Hopes of day) her joyous brow.

Holy, happy, dreamful morning,
Fold thy wings awhile and rest!
One, the day's full glory scorning,
Singeth, "Opening flowers are best."

GEORGE RAWSON.

UNDER the title of "Hymns, Verses, and Chants," a neat and inviting volume appeared in 1876, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It contains many admirable hymns that have been already inserted in Episcopalian, Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and numerous other hymn books. Only a superficial glance at the work will abundantly show that the verses are written by a refined and well educated mind. Some of them are exquisite in their delicacy and sensibility, and at once appeal to the favourable consideration of the noblest part of our nature. One of them was evidently written at a time when the poet had lost all his property, and it could not be a more beautiful example of Christian confidence and resignation. Others were written under the loss of friends, or upon special occasions when some striking thought flashed across the writer's mind. The author of this charming volume is Mr. George Rawson. He was born in Leeds on the 5th of June, 1807. His father, of the same name, took a leading part in the struggles for liberty and justice which distinguished the latter half of the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. Nearly all the great men who in Yorkshire fought for light and freedom stayed at his house. Lord Brougham when pleading for the slave, Lord Macaulay when eloquently speaking for reform, Lord

Morpeth when enforcing the rights of the people, often slept at Dennison Hall. The influence of these noble and master minds, gathered round his father's board, must have had a powerful impetus for good upon Mr. Rawson's youthful aspirations. His mother—a daughter of Mr. John Clapham, whose stirling character has been elsewhere mentioned—no doubt early inculcated these righteous principles which afterwards bore such an abundant fruit. Mr. Rawson was a solicitor in Leeds for many years, but about nineteen years ago he retired to Clifton, near Bristol where he still resides. He married a Miss Clayton, whose father was a celebrated and popular Congregational Minister.

IN THE DARK AND CLOUDY DAY.

In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, comfort me.

When the hoard of many years,
Like a fleet cloud, disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
My Saviour, comfort me.

When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
My Saviour, comfort me.

Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide.
My Saviour, comfort me.

Comfort me. I am cast down ;
'Tis my Heavenly Father's frown ;
I deserve it all, I own :
My Saviour, comfort me.

In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bid me trust his faithfulness.
My Saviour, comfort me.

Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe :
My Saviour, comfort me.

So, it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

WE LIMIT NOT THE TRUTH OF GOD.

" He charged us, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His to be as ready to receive it as any truth by his Ministry, for he was confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of His holy Word."—*Pastor Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The Oracles of Heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes
And all the ages given ?
That universe ! how much unknown,
That ocean ! unexplored—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Darkling, our great forefathers went,
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall, our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

The valley's passed ; ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above,
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls,
To comprehend Thy love;
And make us to go on, to know,
With nobler powers conferred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER, in High Heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy, large and free;
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

This day's sins O pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

While the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own Infinity!
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessed Trinity.

JOHN PEELE CLAPHAM, J.P.

MR. J. P. CLAPHAM was born in Hunslet Lane, Leeds, on the 7th of July, 1801. His father, William Clapham, died before he was ten years old, but his grandfather, John Clapham, a Leeds cloth merchant, a most able, upright and successful man, lived many years after his grandson had come of age, and his wise advice and excellent counsel may still be seen in the admirably written letters which he addressed at various times to the only child of his eldest son. His mother, Ann Peele, was the daughter of a London merchant, and she did her utmost to bring up her son in the ways of righteousness and truth, and before she died, at the advanced age of 72, she had the pleasure of seeing him honoured and respected by all. Along with Sir Edward Baines, Knight, he attended the Free Church Grammar School, in Leaf Square, Manchester, then presided over by the Rev. John Reynolds, whose father was physician to George III., and whose son, Dr. Russell Reynolds, attended the Prince Consort on his deathbed. From Manchester Mr. Clapham went to Glasgow University. Studying for a physician his health failed, and it was not until after many months travelling in Switzerland that he recovered his usual health and strength. He was very active in his habits, a fearless rider, an excellent fisher, and a good shot. In April 1827 he married his cousin, Mary Ann, the

eldest daughter of John Clapham, J.P. of Leeds. Before this he had made the grand tour of the Continent and had spent four months in Rome. Settling down in life, with his usual energy and earnestness, he threw himself into the Reform conflict, which was then the question of the day, and in the writer's possession are many letters to him from Earl Carlisle, Lord Macaulay, Lord Milton, and other leaders of the popular party. As his family increased, he saw the desirability of removing into the country, and resided for several years at Burley Hall, in the lovely valley of the Wharfe. After his appointment as County Court Treasurer to seventeen towns in Yorkshire, for convenience he returned to Leeds. He died at his residence, Brookside, Ilkley, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Clapham was early distinguished by his love for versification. When at school and the University he wrote a number of minor poems, and continued to write upon a variety of subjects until within a few days of his death. He seemed equally at home in serious as comic themes. It may be said of him that he wrote "From grave to gay," "From lively to severe." He was very fond of the Yorkshire dialect, and some of his most racy pieces are in folk-speech. He wrote many political verses, and one of his best productions was sung at the dinner given to commemorate the return of Lord Brougham and Lord Morpeth for the County of York, in 1830. By his pen he aided many philantrophic and religious institutions. Perhaps his earliest was written in 1834 for the Charity Bazaar at Ilkley, and his last in 1875 for the Congregational Bazaar at Burley-in-Wharfedale. He was the editor of the

Leeds Sunday School Hymn Book, contributing several beautiful hymns himself, some of which have been copied into other Hymn Books. The work has had a very large circulation, and still maintains its position as one of the best Sunday School Hymn Books in the kingdom. A monument to his memory has been erected, of marble and Caen stone, in the Congregational church, Harrogate.

MY HOME.

A Midnight Thought.

Tell me, little twinkling star,
Riding thy resplendent car;
Do thy pale beams reach as far
As my Home?

Are thy rays with others blending,
Not to Scotia only tending,
But in England, now descending
On my Home?

Yes! and I behold in thee
A golden link; connecting me
With a spot I long to see—
For 'tis Home!

And thou nightly playing breeze,
Soft and louder by degrees,
Hast thou ever swept the trees
Near my Home?

Rustling through the Poplars tall,
Whistling on the Pear tree wall,
As the loose leaves gently fall
Round my Home.

If thou hast—then welcome here !
Shake my casement—never fear ;
For with keen delight I hear
Aught from Home !

A WATER COLOUR SKETCH OF AN HONEST WATERMAN.

Rough and ready—sage and steady,
Short of stature—dark of wig—
In the wig that nature made him
Doing much as nature bade him
Stands our Yorkshireman—John Rigg.

Soft young gentry, on their entry
Almost tremble as they "lig"
Listening from the blankets cozy
Snug and dry and warm and dozy
For the summons of John Rigg.

Cold winds blowing, raining, snowing—
Cares our bathman not a fig,
Hark his heavy step and knock. Sir,
"Come get up—its six o'clock Sir,
Dripping sheet sir" says John Rigg.

Nothing lacking in his "packing"
Standing on the highest twig
Of our Hydropathic practice ;
At a splash or rub the fact is
None can supersede John Rigg.

And when sorrow plows her furrow
Pain is keen and fears are big,
Place yourself in full dependence
On the thoughtful, prompt attendance
Of the plain, but true John Rigg.

Ever ready, please "a leddy"
Lay a carpet, kill a pig,
Fetch the letters, spread the plaister,
Sure "of all trades Jack and Master,"
Is our talented John Rigg.

Night and morning, idlesse scorning—
Never he "ashamed to dig!"
Still his name all tongues are calling,
Still to him all duties falling,
"Man of all work" is John Rigg.

How potential, things essential!
Beam of engine—Mast of Brig,
Good men all are veteran Procter,
Waiters, bathers, Bill concoctor—
But only just below the Doctor,
Rig of our roof tree—stands John Rigg!

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

We won't give up our Sunday,
The best of all the seven;
Then shines the Sun of Righteousness
So cheerfully from heaven.
The clear blue sky may smile o'erhead,
Or the stormclouds pack together;
But Sunday is a bright, bright day
In every kind of weather.

We won't give up our Sunday
To Gentile or to Jew,
Its charter, as the world, is old,
Its mercies ever new.

We need the time for prayer and praise,
We've works of love to do ;
And while we keep a day of rest
We'll keep it holy, too.

"There's not a joy the world can give
Like that which it takes away,"
When it desecrates with noisy mirth
Our blessed Saviour's day.
But it cannot take away our right
To keep our Lord's command
On the good old English Sabbath Day—
The glory of our land !

JOHN REED APPLETON, F.S.A.

THE name of Mr. Appleton has for many years been familiar to the readers of the Yorkshire press as a contributor of poetry to the leading journals of the county. Sketches of his career, with portraits, may be found in Smith's "Old Yorkshire," Vol. 1, and in Tweddell's "Bards and Authors of Cleveland." He is a native of Stockton-on-Tees, and was born December 11th, 1824. Yorkshire scenes form the theme of his best poetry. A poem in blank verse, entitled "Cleveland," issued in a popular form by Tweddell and Sons, Stokesley, has reached a circulation of several thousands. Here are a few lines from this charming work:—

"Lo! ROSEBERRY—with stately head erect,
Gorgeously gilded by the setting sun,
In solemn silence on his misty throne
Sits, towering over all—the landscape's King!
While the bright clouds, as courtiers, stoop and kiss
His emerald robe.
In far, far other moods,
I've seen him frown when heavy clouds have lain
Upon his breast, and vivid lightnings gleamed,
And from afar the muttering thunder roll'd
And wildest storm flew crashing through the dark
Lone woods, and o'er the mountains' dreary paths;
While down the rocky slopes tumultuous poured
Swoll'n cataracts with angry sullen roar!

Anon- the veiling mist o'ercrept the dell,
The sun burst radiant forth and, instant, shewed
Visions resplendent to the ravished eye!
Scenes all-enchanting to the raptured sense!
Defiant of the storm, more grandly sat
The solemn mountain,—preaching still of God!

And I have seen old Winter, with stern hand,
Bind giant-icicles around his brow,
And mantle him in frost, and load with snow
The woods, and the bright babblin g brooks congeal.
Next have I watch'd young Spring, with fragrant breath
Fold up, for Summer, Winter's frosty cloak,
Dropping sweet flowers and blossoms as she went,
And, with her roseate fingers, from the woods,
Plucking the robes of snow; and from ice-fetters
Freeing the crystal streams, again to gush away!"

Mr. Appleton addressed the following lines, written in July, 1869, to Mr. George Markham Tweddell, F.S.A., Scot., the poet and historian:

REMINISCENCES OF CLEVELAND.

"My Friend, 'tis Summer once again,
And I again am wandering hither,
By pleasant fields of golden grain
Fast ripening in the sunny weather;
The lanes are just as green as when
I paced them through, long years ago;
Wild-flowers as beautiful as then—
The springs as crystal in their flow.

'Tis thirty years since first I came
One sunny day adown yon hill;

Yet all around seems just the same—
The white farm-house, the old windmill—
The church half-hid amidst the trees—
The distant sea—the sandy shore—
And borne upon the softening breeze,
Glad voice of children, as of yore !

My step is not so light as then ;
My locks are changing, like the grain,
Yet heart and soul are warm as when
I enter'd first Life's glad green lane.
I've had—like you—my load of sorrow,
And striven meekly as I bore
The pain, so that on each to-morrow
I might be purer than before !

Let us, my friend, be well contented,
And much that now the spirit tries
Will seem as if our God had meant it
But as a blessing in disguise !
Be this our motto, then, to win us
True pleasure as we pass along—
'*It is the heart we bear within us*
That maketh Life a sigh or song !'

Several of his pieces have been set to music, and amongst others the following :—

SWEET SPRING-TIME

" Again 'tis joyous spring !
Green leaves from boughs are peeping ;
The birds begin to sing,
And wake earth from her sleeping.

Sweet flowers return to life,
  While bright the sun is beaming;
Nature with joy is rife;
  The earth with beauty teeming.

Down in the shelter'd vale
  The bees are softly humming;
The cuckoo tells its tale
  Of summer weather coming.
Primroses 'neath the trees,
  With violets, love the shadow:
There's perfume in the breeze
  From cowslips in the meadow.

Where laughing brooklet glides
  The willow's graceful tresses
Hang from its grassy sides,
  And share in its caresses.
What pleasure everywhere
  The ear and eye beguiling!
Above—the vocal air:
  Below—the whole earth smiling!"

He has written a number of humorous poems of which, perhaps, the best known are "The Porter's Christmas Eve," and, "A Slight Mistake." Mr. Walter Hamilton, in his "Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors," (London: Reeves and Turner), opens the parodies on Thomas Hood's poems with Mr. Appleton's "Trials and Troubles of a Tourist," being a clever travesty on "The Song of the Shirt."

In history, topography, and archæology he has taken a deep interest from his earliest years, and is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, Scotland, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, as well as other learned associations

REV. GEORGE T. COSTER.

THE REV. GEORGE T. COSTER, a popular Congregational Minister, was born at Chatham, Kent ; he was a student of New College, London, and entered the ministry in 1859. He has been settled over several Churches, amongst others that of Fish Street, Hull, and is now minister of the Whitby Congregational Church. He is the author of three volumes of verse, the first, being published by W. Kent and Co., London, in 1859, under the title of " Lorrin and Other Poems." His second book entitled " The Rhyme of St. Peter's Fall " was issued in 1871 by James Nisbet and Co., London, and Archibald and Stoole, Hull. Both books met with a good reception from several of the leading journals. In 1882 T. Fisher Unwin, London, published an 8vo. volume of over 200 pages, entitled " Poems and Hymns." It is a book of considerable merit, and was warmly praised by the critical press. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said, in *Sword and Trowel*, " Here we have real poetry. The writer has a distinct and forcible mode of his own, decidedly original. He shows the hand of a master." The *Spectator* stated, " This is a welcome little book. The poems on the ever-sympathetic subjects of love, bereavement, and the blessed hope of everlasting life, are simple, unpretending, and harmonious. Among the pieces, " The Healing of Pharaoh's Daughter " and " Miriam " are of remarkable

merit." Many other notices were equally favourable, and indicated that Mr. Coster was entitled to a front place amongst devotional poets of the period. Several of the hymns are sure to find a permanent place in the hymnals of the churches, two being included in the "Book of Congregational Hymns" compiled by the Rev W. G. Horder. He has contributed poetry to several of the magazines, and "The Poets' Bible" includes some of his pieces. In 1869 he produced a carefully-written volume under the title of "Pastors and People: A Centenary Memorial of Fish Street Congregational Church, Hull." He is also the author of a work entitled "Allegories" and a number of booklets. Many of Mr. Coster's sermons have been published in the *Christian World Pulpit*. He has contributed stories to *Little Folks*, and Fables and Parables to the *Christian World Family Circle*. Mr. Coster has been an active worker in several movements for the spiritual and social advancement of the people. During his residence in Hull he wrote an important and elaborate letter to the *Eastern Morning News*, which first drew public attention to the need of the Children's Hospital in the town, and led to the establishment of the valuable Institution in Story Street, Hull. Mr. Coster's affectionate disposition has gained for him many friends.

MIRIAM.

O THE memories that rise
To the dying Miriam's eyes!

Memories of the glorious hour
When was broken Egypt's power,
When on the victorious shore
Lay the warriors, conflict o'er,
Terrible in death, no more :
When the song to God arose,
Moses', Miriam's o'er the foes,
Music ne'er to have a close !

O the memories that rise
To the dying Miriam's eyes !

Memories loathsome with disgrace,
Leprosy upon her face,
When before her God she quailed,
When her brother's prayer prevailed,
Moses whom her tongue assailed,
When, though leper healed, she went
To the leper's banishment—
Awful week in silence spent.

O the memories that rise
To the dying Miriam's eyes !

Memories of the lady grand
Pointing with her jewelled hand
To the little floating chest,
Wherein was the baby blest
Whom while fondly she caressed
Homeward Miriam ran—'to thee

Mother joy ! God's finger see,
You are baby's nurse to be!'
O the memories that rise
To the dying Miriam's eyes !

By the silent prophetess
Moses bent for last caress.

" I am Moses, sister mine,"
Said he—looked for parting sign.

' Moses !' cried she—' O the joy !
Princess wept to see him weep :
Mother we shall darling keep :
I will help to nurse the boy !'

Miriam in her gladness clapped
Hands as if a timbrel—wept
Happy tears—all silence kept
Till death's peace was round her wrapt.
Thus at Kadesh Miriam died,
Moses weeping at her side.

THE CUCKOO.

Oh ! listen to the cuckoo's note
From yonder wood, that tells
Sweet Spring is back again, with all
Her dewy buds and bells.

When April pours the greening shower,
And shines with boundless beam,
We hear the dream-like voice, and know
That Spring is not a dream.

In May he sings a steady song :
Then shortened is his tune,
For joy amid the roses sweet
And bountiful of June !

And when the green wheat laughs to gold,
Soft sounds his parting lay,
And he to other realms with Spring
Contented steals away.

O welcome bird of wandering voice,
  Thyself but seldom seen,
Thou livest in a lovely world
  Of everlasting green !

And must thou leave at length ? Depart
  In far-off regions sing,
For well we know thou'lt come again,
  And bring us back the Spring !

THE RILL AND CHILD.

Little Rill, where are you going,
    Going to the sea,
Where the many, many waters
    Always long to be,
And amid the mighty billows
    There is room for me.

Little child, where are you going ?
    Far across the sea,
To the bright and wondrous country
    Of Eternity,
And amid its happy people
    There is room for me.

WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM, M.P.

THIS gifted poet and popular politician was born at Wakefield, on July 6th, 1815. His father, a banker at Wakefield, Pontefract, and Doncaster, was the author of a work entitled "Letters on the Currency," which received a good deal of favourable attention at the time of publication, and was also a highly respected member of the "Society of Friends." W. H. Leatham was educated at the Friend's Schools, at Tottenham and Darlington, and was subsequently placed under a private tutor. At about the age of nineteen, he was placed in the Wakefield bank, and in 1836 was admitted a partner, retiring from the firm in 1851. In 1835, he made a tour on the Continent, which, says an informing writer in the *Biograph*, vol. 5, page 209, awakened in his mind a love of poetry, and induced him to publish poems at short intervals soon after his return. The following are amongst his more popular poetical works: "A Traveller's Thoughts," 1837; "The Victim," a Swiss tale 1838; a powerful historical poem entitled, "Sandal in the Olden Time," 1839. The scene of his next porformance was Bolton Abbey, —"Henrie Clifforde and Margaret Percy," 1841, and in the same year were issued the "Siege of Granada," and "Emilia Monteiro." In 1842, "Strafford—a Tragedy," was published, followed a year later by "Cromwell, a

Drama," and "The Widow and the Earl, a Ballad of Sharlstone Hall." His other works are "The Batuecas and other Poems," 1844; "Montezuma, a Ballad of Mexico;" "The Red Hand, and other Poems," 1845; "Life Hath Many Mysteries," 1847; and "Sequel to Lesser Poems" in 1879. In 1855, "Selections from the Lesser Poems of Wm. Henry Leatham," was published by Longman's. His prose publications include a series of lectures, delivered at Mechanics' Institutes, also "Tales of English Life and Miscellanies." Mr. Leatham is entitled to a high place on the roll of Yorkshire's famous poets.

He married, in 1839, Priscilla, the fourth daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney, of Upton, Essex. A few years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Leatham tendered their resignation of membership of the Society of Friends, and joined the Church of England. In the *Biograph* will be found particulars of Mr. Leatham's Parliamentary career, and other interesting details. The *Illustrated London News* for 1880, page 41, contains a capital portrait of Mr. Leatham. The following poems are drawn from Holroyd's "Garland of Poetry; by Yorkshire Authors:"—

LIFE'S ENIGMA.

LIFE hath many mysteries!
Ceaseless when we close our eyes,
Whilst our frame in slumber lies—

Then the soul breaks forth in gleams—
Bodiless her passage seems
Through fantastic, airy dreams.

Then we meet the dead again,
Hear them speak, and see them plain—
Morning snaps the magic chain!

Time and place are one in sleep,
Thoughts unbidden o'er us creep—
Then we smile, and then we weep.

Life's stream owns a double flow,
One is real—one but show;
Which the real—who can know?

Body, so alive all o'er,
Feeling breathes from every pore.
What can sentient life do more?

Conscious of a mind within,
Great in thought, tho' soiled by sin,
Still our upward course we win!

Soul has pledge of endless life—
Doubt with her can have no strife—
Immortality is rife!

But the body—when it lies
Dead before our weeping eyes—
Where's the hope that it may rise?

Look at yonder giant tree,
Think how dead its germ must be,
Is it not a type of thee?

What is matter? all we see,
Touch, or taste's a mystery—
How such things from nought could be!

Mind or matter—what are they ?
Tenants both of unknown clay,
Past our knowledge, some may say.
Mind, ethereal, cannot be
Else than spirit's property—
Tho' from matter not yet free.

POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE MILL.

THERE came to the mill-stream her pitcher to fill,
One eve, gentle Mary, the maid of the mill ;
The gay waters ran swiftly, the wheel it went round,
Like snow-wreaths the meal fluttered down as it ground ;
When Mary, half giddy, dipped her pitcher at last,
Strange phantoms of death o'er her young vision pass'd !
Has the current grown stronger ? has her arm grown too weak ?
Hark ! one heavy plunge, and one wild thrilling shriek !

She's gone down the mill-stream, and under the wheel !
It stops but to tear her—the wood and the steel !
The miller within felt that terrible shake,
Scarce a bone of poor Mary the wheel did not break !
When he looked from his lattice how fearful the sight !
There floats a dull corpse on the waters so bright !
They lift out the body—they wring out the hair—
The face of poor Mary, tho' crushed, is still fair !

Then one spake as follows :—" 'Tis strange, but she said,
Yestermorn, as she carried her pail on her head,
That she dreaded the mill-stream, it haunted her so,
Some day she should drown there, and feared much to go."

"Last night," said the miller, "I dreamt she was drowned,
And thought of that dream when the wheel stayed its round.
And terribly shook as the fell deed was done!
Ere I reached it, to stop it, all smoothly it run,
And this body was floating so lifeless and torn,
O'er the bright heaving streamlet now sluggishly borne."

Alas, for poor Mary, the maid of the mill;
Thy song will not wake with the lark's on the hill.
What damsel will venture thy pitcher to fill?
Who can gaze on yon arch, or the dark current's gleam—
On yon wheel in its round, tossing spray o'er the stream,
Where the mill runs so fast, and the green waters glide,
Nor think of poor Mary, how sadly she died!

MY SISTER.

SWEET, my sister! sweet to me
Is the thought that dwells with thee!
Dimly through this vale of tears
Thy angelic form appears;
I can see thy radiant brow
'Mid the white-robed seraphs now!
I can see thy heaven-born smile
Turned in love to earth awhile.

How it speaks of perils past,
Weepings o'er, and joy at last!
How it beckons us away,
From the trifles of to-day!
Sweet, my sister! sweet to me
Is the thought that dwells with thee!

Thou hast left a track behind
All who follow thee must find;
Simple faith and truthful love
Plumed thy wings to realms above,
And the savour of thy life
Is with roseate perfume rife.

Beautiful that life appears
As it glimmers through my tears,
Memory blends thy days in one;
They are here, but thou art gone!
Sweet, my sister! sweet to me,
Is the thought that dwells with thee!

JOSEPH ROBERTSHAW.

THIS poet is the author of two volumes of verse, and has also made many pleasing contributions to the "Poets' Corner" of local newspapers. He is a native of Halifax, and was born on the 3rd of December, 1822. It was during his residence in the lovely and secluded valley of Luddenden that Southey's "Remains of Henry Kirke White" came under his notice, and opened to him the beautiful land of poesy. He cherishes a love for the memory of the young and gifted Nottinghamshire poet. In 1853 Mr. Robertshaw removed to Keighley, and from this town two books have been issued, the title of one being "Yorkshire Tales and Legends," comprising "A Ramble to Bolton Abbey," "Tom Lee; a Tale of Wharfedale," and, "The One Pound Note; a Tale of Hebden Bridge." His other work is called "Meditative Hours, and Other Poems," and on the title-page the lines by Henry Kirke White appear :—

> "I to the woodland solitude would bend
> My lonesome way—where mirth's obstreperous shout
> Shall not intrude to break the meditative hour."

We quote from "Meditative Hours" the following examples of his poetry :—

MY NATIVE HILLS.

I SING the everlasting hills, that rear
  Their giant forms around my moorland home,—
A lowly home, 'tis true, but far more dear
  Than place and wealth beneath Victoria's dome.
O, mighty mountains, noble, high, and hoar!
  Proudly and firm ye stand, as ever, now;
Nor lightning's flash can scathe, nor thunder's roar,
  Nor time, can bend your everlasting brow.
Proud guardians of my native vale, I raise
  My humble, glowing numbers in your praise.

Cradled amid the storms that whirl around
  Your dauntless breasts, my youthful footsteps roved
Among your fastnesses. There was I bound
  By nature's charms—by nature's charms beloved.
Surrounded by your torrents' music wild,
  Sequestered in your fairy solitude,
She reared the mind of your admiring child,
  And led him to the Great, the Wise, the Good!
Brought forth and reared beneath your silent shade,
There, too, may my lone corse be lowly laid.

Oh! how I love to climb your purple peaks,
  When golden sunbeams flood your noble crests;
And thence to view the western sky, with streaks
  Of richest tints adorned; while calmly rests
The landscape, stretching far, in deep repose.
  'Tis then—when feelings holy and serene
Steal o'er the mind—when every breeze that blows
  Is fraught with bliss—we think what would have been
This gloomy, wretched, and apostate earth,
Had Sin, the horrid monster, ne'er had birth.

Or, when dread Winter holds his iron sway,
And battling elements around you roar,
Alone, among your haunts, I love to stray,
And listen to the storm-sprite's shriek, as o'er
Your reeling heads he sails; while deaf'ning, deep,
Reverberating thunder rolls along
Your rugged sides, or down some awful steep
Darts till it spends itself the glens among—
Oh! then, with palpitating heart, how grand
To view the flashing, swift-descending brand!

Ye fill the mind with images sublime,
Which aspirations after what is great
And good beget,—which nor the hand of time,
Nor death itself, can e'er obliterate.
Yes, ye are agents, like the simple flower,
Of God, that stamp in characters of flame
His nature's impress with resistless power
Upon the glowing soul; and loud proclaim
His wisdom and His glorious majesty,
Who is for ever wrapt within his own eternity.

CHILDHOOD.

Come, sweet enchantress of my early days,
Infuse thy genial warmth into my breast;
Let me as erst, once more, Oh! let me gaze
On the loved form that oft the nursling blest.
Let me thy fairy hand again but kiss!
And from thy sparkling chalice quaff full draughts of bliss.

Long, long before my untaught lips could tell
The secret workings of my youthful mind,
I felt the influence of thy magic spell ;
And oft through fancy's regions, unconfined,
Led on by thee, my new-fledged soul on high
Would soar to realms of light beyond the azure sky.

O then, at dewy morn, or evening calm,
How did the landscape charm my glowing heart !
Oh ! with what joy I drank the south wind's balm,
And gazed and gazed till tears of bliss would start,
With power ecstatic, from their hidden spring,
While with my buoyant shouts I made the woodland ring.

Ah ! then the sun shone brighter far than now ;
The forest flowers a sweeter fragrance shed ;
A mellower music trilled the streamlet's flow,
As it rolled sparkling o'er its pebbly bed ;
And fairer far the smiling valley where,
In peace and innocence, I rov'd—all devoid care.

Blest days ! I ofttimes think of you and weep ;
For nought ye yielded but unmixed delight.
My draughts of pleasure then were sweet and deep ;
No warring tempests spread their baneful night ;
But all was joyance through the flower-gemm'd way,
And bright heart-cheering radiance through the cloudless day.

Yet, though I weep, I still would not repine,
Nor vainly question Heaven's supreme decrees ;
For Heaven is good, and good is its design,
In blending storms with sunshine and the breeze.
More sweet is rest to him who needs repose ;
More dearly prized life's joys when blended with its woes.

Oh ! how the sun of our blest childhood's days
Shoots gleaming down the vista of the past :
How brightly round the woe-worn heart it plays,
And soothes to holy calm life's bitterest blast,
Infusing through the soul that tranquil joy,
Which all the varied ills of life can ne'er destroy :

Oh ! yes, let sorrow spread its darkest gloom
Around the weary way of after years ;
The flowers of childhood still in beauty bloom ;
And, while their fragrant breath the spirit cheers,
And o'er the heart diffuses halcyon peace,
They tell of glorious climes where care and sorrow cease.

THOMAS BLACKAH.

THOMAS BLACKAH, "the miner poet," was born at Hardcastle, April 6th, 1827, and when only nine years of age commenced working in the mine. According to Mr. A. Holroyd, there was no school in the poet's native village, and consequently he received only a slight education; but at twenty-four years of age he attempted to remedy this by attending a night school for two winters. His married life has not been without great trials, and out of the family of eleven children, seven have been laid in their graves. Blackah's afflictions and night watchings have prompted the best of his poetical pieces. A collection of his dialect poems was published in 1867 by T. Thorpe, of Pateley Bridge, and from this work we select the following lines :—

WILLIE'S WELCOME HEAME.

Noo, Willy, put the'y wallet doon,
An' cum an' git the'y tea ;
It izzan't oft ta hez a chance
Ta hit wi't barns an' me :
We've waited for the'y cumin heame,
T' thick end ov hofe an hooer ;
An' t' barns were flaid thoo'd gitten lost,
Wi' cummin ower t'moor.

Ah wish the'y wark lade neather heame,
  Er we were flit away,
Fer t, lads oft wish 'at they cud see
  Ther fadther ivvery day :
Poor things, they nivver gan ta bed,
  Bud what they freeat an' cry ;
Ah's foarc'd ta pet, an' tell 'em thoo'l
  Be'y cumin bye an' bye.

Yah neet this week, lile Mat began
  Ta plean aboot his weame ;
He mawn'd and maddl'd all aboot
  His daddy cumin heame :
Ah nivver gat a wink o' sleep,—
  Ah thowt he're gine ta dee ;
Ah cried mesel, an' wad ha' geen
  All t' world to ha' just seen thee.

Ah've weshe'd an' darn'd the'y stockins, lad,
  An patch'd the'y blue lin slop :
Ah fettl'd ivvery button hoal,
  Fra t' boddum up ta t' top.
T' first thing this mornin, wen hooer Sal
  Had all her poddish done,
She'y fetch'd hoot t' brush an' t' blackin pot
  An' clean'd the'y Sunda shoon.

Ah've meade six razin pies for thee,—
  Tharr's yan fer ivvery day ;
Thoo sees ah doan't fergit the'y, lad,
  Fer all thoo gans away.
Bud t' hoose leaks dowly all t' week lang—
  It's hardly like itsen
Hoo badly off wad wimmin be,
  If they sud loss all t' men !

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